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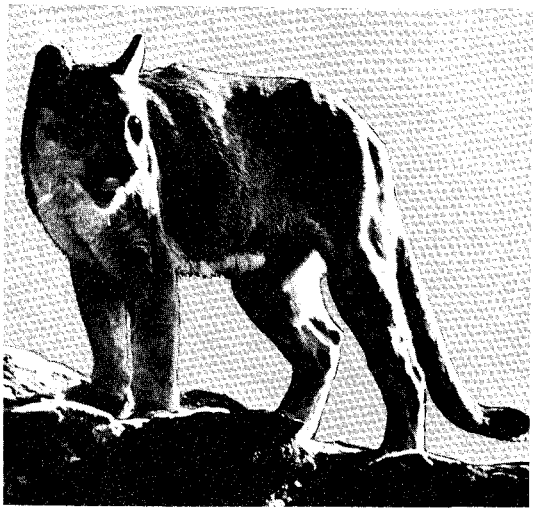

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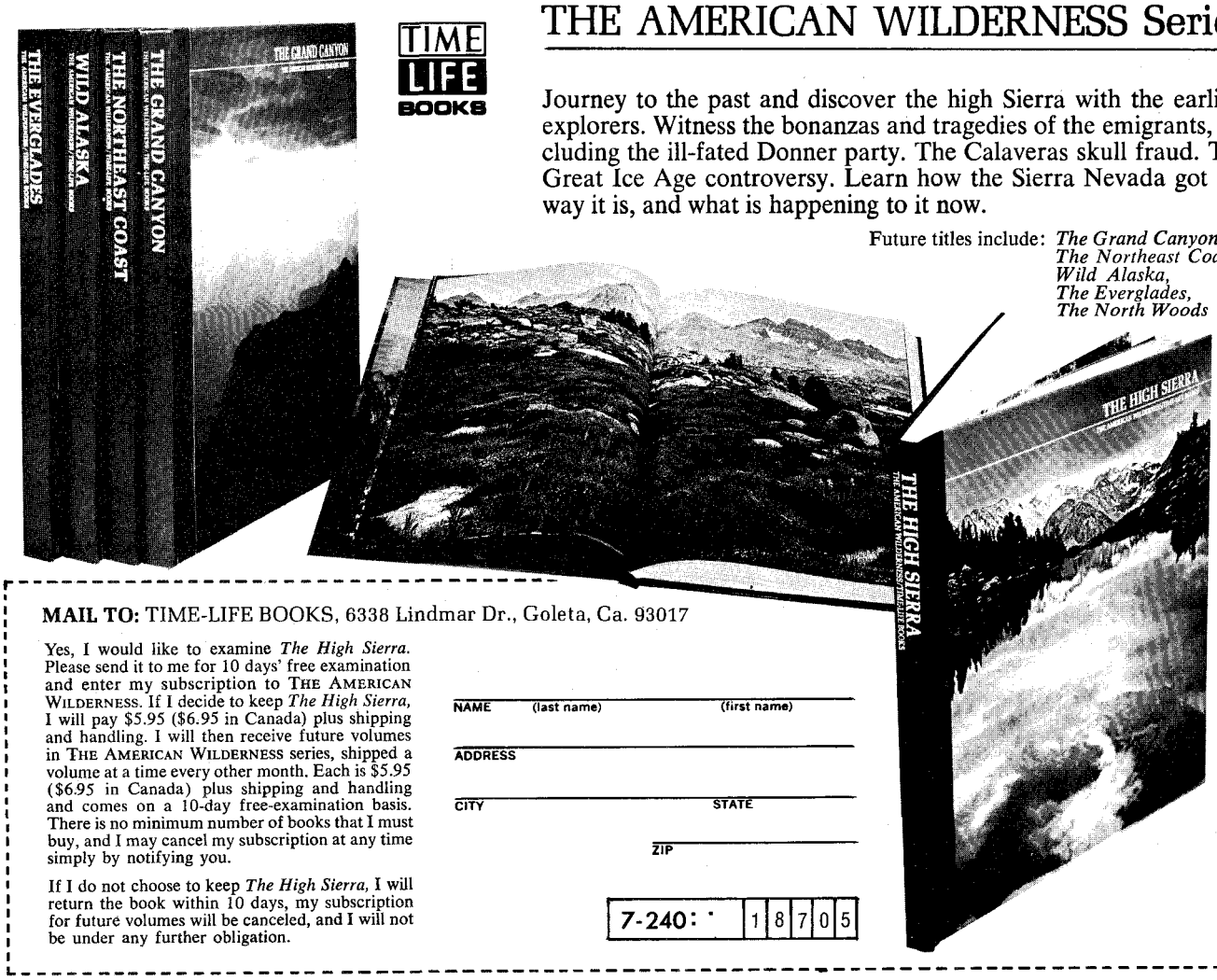

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TRB

from Washington
April 14, 1973

Precedent Setter

At every point in the 1919 debate over the League of Nations three-fourths of the senators were prepared to seek admission to the League in one form or another, but Woodrow Wilson wouldn't compromise an inch, and broke his heart, and the US stayed out, and we paved the way for the next war. Wilson was a Puritan who knew he was right. There's a lot of Wilson in Richard Nixon, we think.

He wants peace, he wants national unity and he works at it. But he won't yield an inch and he was never wrong. What an opportunity he had in that live speech to the nation March 29, when the last Americans pulled out of Vietnam. It was a great moment—a chance for magnanimity. You can't help thinking what Lincoln would have done with it. But the President raked up all the old dissensions—no amnesty, silent majority, peace with honor, that "small but vocal minority" who opposed him (the skunks) and the war that was "one of our finest hours." Historians, we think, will sigh.

So now we have President Thieu and Cambodia. In Cambodia Mr. Nixon doubled the area of the theater of war without consulting anybody. He had to do it, he said, "to protect the lives and security of our forces in Vietnam." Our troops are evacuated now but bombing goes on. It was another "finest hour." Mr. Nixon said it was "a decisive move . . . the most successful operation in this long and difficult war." But the news last week was that "every available B-52 in Southeast Asia" was still out bombing Cambodia in a war that was far from over.

The administration handed over to unfortunate George Aldrich, deputy legal adviser of the State Department, the task of preparing a memorandum justifying continued bombing in Cambodia. But according to reports Aldrich couldn't come up with constitutional precedents likely to hold water. Sometimes Washington affairs approach the farcical (if you can forget that saturation bombing is killing little brown people in black pajamas). The Aldrich draft (leaked to the Associated Press) contends that the bombing is a peripheral phase of ending the war, permitting Mr. Nixon to safeguard troops although there are no troops. Furthermore Hanoi is violating its cease-fire agreement so why shouldn't the US retaliate?

This draft was approved by Secretary Rogers, according to reports, who sent it on to the White House which sat on it for a while, hoping it would all blow away like the Watergate. The Aldrich brief was discussed with Republican senators who tore it apart. In 200 years hadn't some other President done something like this and established a precedent, they demanded? Jefferson, Jackson, Monroe, what were they all up to?

Mr. Richardson shifted ground and told Capitol Hill newsmen that a) Mr. Nixon won reelection by a landslide; b) this strengthens his hand in doing what he thinks is constitutional; and c) Cambodia is part of the total effort which went into the cease-fire and which can continue until the fire has actually ceased.

It was at this awkward juncture that President Thieu arrived, and his visit embarrassed everybody. Mr. Nixon promised substantial postwar economic aid and lingered in California; Spiro Agnew took on the burden of entertainment here, while Thieu made speeches to the nation.

What does it all mean? George W. Ball, former under secretary of State, spelled out the reason. "We failed because there was no indigenous political base on which our power could be emplaced."

Mr. Nixon has the monarchical approach and he can't very well admit now that he misjudged the situation, at the same time that he tries to think up constitutional grounds for bombing Cambodia. After all, he doesn't need precedents; he makes precedents! He can't admit any fault in the Watergate scandal, either. It all reminds you of stiff-necked Woodrow Wilson. For the Watergate affair, he issues short curt denials. There is another constitutional issue here, too (as there is about the third problem, the right of impoundment).

The public probably doesn't understand Watergate very well but it is beginning to wonder why, if there is nothing to hide, Mr. Nixon can't let his staff publicly testify and answer direct questions. Executive privilege sounds suspiciously, in a case like this, like pleading a kind of White House Fifth Amendment.

The most serious thing for the President in the Watergate affair is that Republicans and conservatives are beginning to cut adrift. "What in the world is wrong with Richard Nixon?" demands James Kilpatrick, a conservative columnist with whom TRB often disagrees but always respects. Fifteen Republican senators are up for reelection next year and they are hastily establishing fallback positions separate from the White House. Newspaper stories printed and denounced six months ago are proving to be true and the convicted plotters are beginning to sing. Most alarming prospect for Republicans perhaps is the televised hearing by Senator Ervin's committee next month, which could be the greatest public show since the Army-McCarthy hearings.

In a situation like this the obvious thing for Mr. Nixon to do is what General Eisenhower did in the Sherman Adams case, turn him loose and let him tell all. If the charges are merely hearsay it will soon appear. There is something almost irrational in Mr. Nixon's dogged resistance to a step which, had it been followed at the beginning, might have made Watergate by now hardly more than a distasteful aberration.

While all this is going on nobody pays enough attention to curtailment of federal funds which, in the big cities, could make it a hot summer. Funds are being saved for the Pentagon and maybe Mr. Thieu. People have short memories. In 1965 there was Watts, 35 dead, 883 injured, 3500 arrested. In 1966 there was racial violence in 40 cities. In 1967 it was Nashville, Louisville, Cleveland and Montgomery, and 23 dead in Newark, and 43 in Detroit. That was five years ago; now we have a law and order President; food prices are rocketing; black, teenage ghetto unemployment is likely to be 35 percent again this summer, and the administration has cut summer job programs from $424 million to around $125 million as the US Conference of Mayors figures it.

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The Brute Force Of Money

"We don't think bigness is bad," former Attorney General John Mitchell is supposed to have said in 1970. According to Mitchell's testimony of a year ago, that is the gist of what he told International Telephone and Telegraph board chairman Harold Geneen when he came to visit the Justice Department. There would be no busting of competitive trusts; only the anti-competitive ones need worry. Hearing that, Geneen left apparently convinced that his corporation was one of the saved, with friends at the top if not at the bottom. Since then evidence has accumulated to indicate that John Mitchell made a bad mistake. For ITT has become a prime example of how brutal bigness can be when coupled with the profit motive.

Recent hearings before the Senate subcommittee on multinational corporations have stirred up new interest in some ITT memos publicized a year ago by columnist Jack Anderson. They deal with ITT's attempt to intervene in Chilean politics and prevent the socialist candidate, Salvador Allende Gossens, from winning the 1970 presidential election. Much of what ITT officials said in those hearings was unspecific musings about what they may or may not have done. There seems to be a kind of group amnesia that afflicts executives when they sit down to review their record in public. Awkward details get lost. But enough was said, or implied, to startle some of the senators.

We know that ITT was intrigued by the possibility of promoting a military coup in Chile to prevent Allende from ruling. The question is, how far did ITT go? In the earliest of the memos now in the hands of the Senate subcommittee we can read a report by an ITT official in Washington, describing how he asked the White House to "take a neutral position, or not discourage, in the event Chile or others attempt to save the situation." Later we read a message from ITT agents in Latin American headquarters, sizing up the chances for a coup led by then President Frei: "The armed forces boss, Rene Schneider, is fully aware of the danger of Allende moving in. But he will not budge an inch without Frei's okay. . . . [and Frei] won't move unless he is provided with a constitutional threat. That threat must be provided one way or another through provocation." Later still comes this memo from the head of ITT's Washington office, William Merriam: "Today I had lunch with our contact at the McLean agency [CIA] . . . Approaches continue to be made to select members

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of the Armed Forces in an attempt to have them lead some sort of uprising—no success to date. In the meantime, Allende continues to hold meetings with small groups of army, navy, and air force people promising them, personally that he will see to it that they will be promoted; that their pay will be increased, *etc.* Thus, it is easy to understand why there is a problem in getting the military to take action." There were other reports like these, growing more pessimistic as it became clear that neither the Chilean military nor the CIA would lead a coup.

The second point established in the documents is that ITT agents in the fall of 1970 were lobbying feverishly to get the US government to stop Allende somehow. ITT men called Henry Kissinger's aide at the White House, wrote and spoke to Kissinger himself, pestered the assistant secretary of State for Latin America and other department officials, tried to enlist our ambassador to Chile in their cause, spoke to the director and two other functionaries at the CIA and offered to give $1 million to the US government as an anti-Allende fund. That was carrying coals to Newcastle; CIA is generously funded.

The memos themselves, however, are less significant than the way ITT agents were welcomed into the confidence of the administration, and in the case of the CIA, even given advice on how to launch an effective anti-Allende campaign. Anyone who sifts through the sizable stack of papers that have now been leaked from ITT's files cannot help being struck by the familiarity with which government officials are addressed, the tone of fraternal common interest. The letter to Vice President Agnew ("Dear Ted") thanks him for helping settle some antitrust problems and ends with a query, "I would appreciate your reaction on how we should proceed," signed "Ned," that is Edward Gerrity, vice president of ITT. There are similar letters to "Dear Chuck" (Charles Colson, the former White House aide) and "Dear Pete" (Peter Peterson, then a presidential adviser on international economics), memos referring to the conference between "John" and "Hal" (John Mitchell and Harold Geneen), correspondence with Henry Kissinger, and frequent internal discussion of how best to "handle" government officials who didn't see things the ITT way.

One credible explanation for the cozy relationships is that ITT had former CIA director John McCone on its payroll as a board member and used him as the front-runner in its lobbying. McCone was the first one to approach Henry Kissinger and Richard Helms, then director of the CIA, about ITT's willingness to contribute up to $1 million for covert action to defeat Allende. Helms gave orders that his chief of clandestine operations in the Western Hemisphere, William Broe, should meet with ITT's chairman Geneen and see what the company had to offer. Several months before the Chilean election, Broe went to see Geneen in his hotel, briefing him on the political situation in Chile and listening to ITT's plans. When called before the Senate subcommittee, Broe said that Geneen offered "a substantial sum" to be channeled through the CIA for the support of Allende's political opponent Jorge Alessandri Rodriguez. What then? "Well," Broe said, "I told him we could not absorb the funds and serve as a funding channel. I also told him that the United States government was not supporting any candidate in the Chilean election." Broe spoke pragmatically; the CIA might have taken the money if it had needed it, or seen a way of doing so without bad aftereffects. It's quite plain that the CIA had no principled objection, for as Broe later testified, he gave ITT's vice president Gerrity five suggestions on how big businesses in Chile might work together to create economic chaos. We know from published memos that Gerrity rejected these suggestions as "unworkable."

Contrast this pragmatic discussion with the highly principled stand ITT took before the subcommittee. When Gerrity was asked about ITT's offer to the government, he said it was intended for purely "constructive" purposes: building low-cost housing, technical assistance to farmers and other social reforms that might lend support to "democratic government" in Chile. "All that ITT did," said Geneen, "was to present its views, concerns, and ideas to various departments of the US government." And of the money offer: "Our thinking was very preliminary and we had no specific plans, but we did think that some socially constructive joint private industry and government projects could be part of the overall plan." It all began to sound like some high-minded, private Point Four program for poor Chile, though at another point Geneen backed away a bit further and told the subcommitte that "there was no real plan." Just a hope? The response will stand as a model of evasion.

Why did the ITT Washington bureau chief not know about the social welfare purpose of ITT's offer? Hadn't Gerrity told him? "No sir, I guess I didn't. But I thought I did. . . ." How did Geneen account for the discrepancy between Broe's testimony and his own? "I understand Mr. Broe recalls that I raised a question whether a contribution could be made through the Agency to support a democratic candidate . . . I don't recall this part of the conversation . . . Since I have no recollection to the contrary, I accept it."

The lesson, if anyone heeds it, is that the interests of ITT as revealed in its memos do not coincide with those of Chile or the United States. As big as it is in the financial world, ITT has a limited constituency and very narrow purposes in the larger world. It is a conglomeration of merchants. Why then should their desires be treated so deferentially by the government? We don't know, unless we have returned to the Coolidge era and the business of the United States *is* business. We do know that in this administration, ITT has friends where it counts.

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Budget Making

HEW Secretary Caspar Weinberger says that until Congress gets its "budget-making house in order," the administration has a constitutional right to do whatever it thinks necessary to avoid a tax increase and inflation. Because the Congress looks at the budget in fragments, not as a whole, it is prone to fiscal irresponsibility: "Nowhere among its 300-odd committees and subcommittees, each responsible for a small portion of the budget, is there one focal point where a goal or spending ceiling can be set and monitored to assure spending sanity."

The Congress is not oblivious to the truth, or at least the political weight of Weinberger's point. It fears that unless it slaps its own ceiling on the budget, presidential impoundment is here to stay and there's little Congress can do to block it. Thus last week the Senate voted a $268 billion ceiling—$700 million *less* than the President's—with a strong anti-impoundment measure requiring the President to report all impoundments within 10 days, and if Congress does not approve any of the impoundments by a simple majority within 60 days thereafter, the President must spend the money Congress has appropriated. Should the budget go over the ceiling, the President could proceed with *pro rata* reductions across the board in the 19 major functional areas of the budget. As in the Jordan amendment, attached last fall on the Senate floor to the budget ceiling, the proportionate cutback is supposed to eliminate the President's absolute discretion to impound whole programs. Even so, as Senator Mondale has pointed out in an earlier debate, the Executive might fall back on a general authority to impound, convinced that it is a prerogative that constitutionally belongs to the President.

All sides in this spending controversy seem to agree that to be for a ceiling is to be for responsible government. It is a curious approach to allocating resources, since it puts the cart before the horse.The obligation of the Congress should be to figure out what expenditures will maximize employment and reduce inflation, determine what revenues are required to do what the legislature decides to do, and then parcel out each committee's share in that undertaking. Otherwise the committees work in hermetically sealed compartments. A flatout ceiling does not give any committee a clue to what it should authorize. Clauses permitting *pro rata* reductions by the President, rather than helping pare down the budget, may encourage every committee to inflate its own appropriation figure.

A more rational approach may come from the Joint Study Committee on the Budget, set up after the ceiling debate last fall. It has before it and evidently will recommend the setting up of a budget committee for each house, made up of members from the Revenue and Appropriations Committees. At the beginning of each session each budget committee would set a budget ceiling and inform each committee of the House and Senate how much it has to work with. The two new budget panels that are contemplated would presumably consult with the appropriate Executive agencies and departments, but they would not merely divide up the President's pie, they would bake their own and choose how to cut it. They would perform some of the macro-economic management with which the President, under the Full Employment Act, now justifies his authority to impound money.

These new budget committees—if they come into being—would expand the power of already powerful members on the Appropriations and Revenue Committees. Each year they would have to coordinate over 160 legislative actions that have a direct or indirect relationship to budget authority and spending levels, including 19 appropriations bills. There would probably be no ceiling, even then, on the so-called "uncontrollables" in the budget: social security, interest payments on the debt, medicare, veterans' benefits. Estimates for these items, sometimes off by five billion dollars or so, may account for roughly 75 percent of the 1974 budget. That leaves, in civilian programs, a "controllable" total of only $23 billion. This is the part of the budget that is vulnerable to impoundment and is what the debate is about.

The Ervin Agenda

The first duty of the Ervin Select Senate Committee is to lay out in simple terms the full scope of the 1972 Republican espionage and sabotage campaign against the Democratic Party and its presidential candidates. This can best be done by bringing before the committee and the television cameras the men who planted the telephone bugs and eavesdropping devices, did the monitoring, undertook the surveillance, stole and photographed the documents, designed and printed and circulated false campaign materials, spied on candidates and peace groups, took part in planned disruptive demonstrations and raised, received and disbursed suitcases full of $100 bills. Only if those individuals and their stories are brought live into millions of homes via television will the public be convinced that what is at stake is the integrity of the electoral system. "It's not just Watergate," Senator Lowell Weicker, a member of the select committee rightfully said the other day, "it's whether or not we as Americans are going to accept a new standard for our presidential elections."

The public doesn't understand that yet. It is confused by nine months of sketchy and sometimes contradictory stories coupled with White House denials. Hearsay testimony, arguments over executive privilege for White House aides, committee leaks—even the un-

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certainty about who at the White House knew or directed the Watergate operation—only add to the confusion. Before going after the instigators, thought must be given to explaining to the public across the country why getting at the leaders is so important. At this point, unproven accusations that this or that White House official or Nixon intimate was complicit only impede the search for truth.

The Ervin committee thus has some extremely tangled questions to unravel. It must find credible information and the witnesses to present that information. The hearings that result from that investigation should have some order, which is difficult when the subject is so controversial and well publicized. Eventually the committee must identify those who organized, financed and directed these activities—an even more difficult task since the individuals are not disposed to cooperate. Finally the committee and its staff must deal on a day-to-day basis with the pressures of the media and some politicians who are interested more in making headlines than discovering truths.

Some mistakes have already been made. Samuel Dash, the committee's chief counsel, held a press conference to reveal that James McCord, Jr., a convicted member of the Watergate burglary team, had spoken with him for several hours. Encouraged by Dash's answers to questions, newsmen pushed for more information about McCord's statements and got it—hearsay testimony implicating present and former White House officials. Those stories prompted select committee members to have McCord appear before *them*, rather than Dash. And sure enough, more hearsay was then leaked. The result was criticism from the White House, challenges to McCord's credibility, and more public confusion.

It all might have been avoided by releasing a statement that disclosed McCord's meeting with the committee staff—Dash has since said McCord wanted it known that he would talk. The Dash press conference and followup committee hearings were unnecessary and, in the end, damaging. The subsequent announcement from the committee that closed hearings with McCord are being suspended is a step toward remedying the situation.

There are other essential ingredients for a well-run congressional investigation that still are lacking—tight control, planning, and the will and ability to resist pressure for quick public hearings. The additional information from McCord—if it is to be checked out and, if possible, corroborated—would argue for a *delay* in the public sessions that originally were set for May. Interest in Watergate will not fade away if the committee takes an extra few weeks to assure that it has as much accurate information as possible.

In interrogating McCord and other participants on what they did, the committee should also be trying to discover *why* they did it. The Watergate trial told us little about motives, and the government's attempt to portray money as the factor that influenced McCord and two former White House consultants—E. Howard Hunt, Jr. and G. Gordon Liddy—didn't ring true. McCord hinted at a motive in his letter to Judge John Sirica. The convicted Cubans, he said, may have been misled into thinking they were working for the CIA—as well they might since Hunt and McCord both had worked with some of these same men on the CIA Bay of Pigs invasion. Hunt himself had been part of activities similar to Watergate during elections outside the US while employed by CIA. The committee should find out whether Hunt, Liddy, McCord and their bosses thought they too were working for the US government. One of McCord's employees, Alfred Baldwin, who did testify at the trial, said at one point that since the former attorney general, John Mitchell, and other former White House aides were running the reelection campaign, *he*, Baldwin, thought what he was doing had official status.

The role of the television networks when the Ervin committee begins its public hearings will be crucial. Live coverage in the mid-'50s of the Army-McCarthy hearings did more than anything else to show up Joe McCarthy. In the mid-'60s TV coverage of Senate hearings dramatized the Vietnam controversy through the clashes of Secretary of State Rusk and Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Fulbright. No network has yet agreed to provide live coverage of the Ervin proceedings. To do so will cost millions of dollars of daytime advertising revenue (though the hearings could be taped and offered to local stations out of network prime time hours). The networks may be asking themselves what the White House reaction would be (negative, we'd guess), and also whether the hearings will have real drama or whether they will drag on boringly. Perhaps Congress should pass a special appropriation, funding live coverage by public television. The Watergate hearings are just the type of public service broadcasting these stations were established to carry.

Don't Fly Me

National Airlines has been running an ad campaign with pictures of its stewardesses, all of whom say: "Fly me." The military has been promoting the reverse for some of its pilots: "Don't fly me"—to which must be added—"but pay me." Early this month Representative Les Aspin (D, Wisc.) released a General Accounting Office report showing that the Pentagon is spending more than $75 million a year in "flight pay" for officers who do not fly or who hold nonflying jobs. This "nonflight pay" accounts for almost a third of the $228 million the Pentagon will spend on "flight pay" this year.

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Like agricultural subsidies paid to farmers not to grow corn or wheat, almost 30,000 officers are being paid up to $245 a month not to fly. (About 9000 perform what is called "proficiency flying" and get about 100 hours a year, although they are assigned to nonflying jobs.) The rationale for "nonflight pay" is that it saves the government money, because aircraft operation and maintenance expenses are reduced! Almost half of the officers are lieutenant colonels and colonels (or navy equivalent grades); 467 are generals or flag officers. With the pay of senior officers having shot up astronomically in the past 10 years, it can't be said that eliminating their "nonflight pay" would create unbearable economic hardships. A colonel who received a base pay of $985 a month in 1963 now gets $2063 a month, and in addition collects nontaxable housing and subsistence allowances worth almost $3700 a year.

After the French Elections

Having been scared silly by the forebodings of some of our syndicated columnists, to the effect that France was tottering two feet from the brink of communism, we awaited last month's French national elections with some anxiety. They've come and gone and the only positive thing about them was negative. The West is still the West. The reelection of a pro-Pompidou majority averted a potentially disastrous constitutional crisis. Otherwise the voters handed politicians a dubious bag of disappointments, ambiguities and paradoxes. The coalition in power won, but the electorate wiped out all the gains which Gaullism made in the 1968 elections. While the Gaullist Party remains the biggest force, it is far less dominant than before. Moreover it lost quite heavily in its traditional zones of strength: northern, eastern and western France, where there are serious problems with declining industries or lagging development. The so-called Reformers, who had hoped to be the indispensable holders of the balance, did much less well than they expected and are not needed by the majority coalition. The Socialists enjoy the great satisfaction of having a rejuvenated party and an electorate almost as large as that of the Communists. They achieved a drastic change in the composition of their electorate: more young people, more workers, more Catholics. The Communists are still the largest party on the Left, but their electorate is stagnant. The combined forces of the Left, despite the much-publicized Common Program and the widespread disaffection with 15 years of Gaullism, gained only one percent over their 1967 total.

The chief ambiguity affects the party system. The logic of the presidential system and of the electoral law has led to what French political scientists call "bipolarization." The Reformers, who have been lamenting about the evils of polarization, have turned out to be its victims: their leaders are openly critical of or hostile to the majority, but on the second round of balloting the great bulk of their electorate rallied to the majority's candidates. To be sure, de Gaulle had wanted the Gaullist Party to be a national rally transcending the Left and the Right. But since 1968, the Gaullist Party has gradually lost its working class support and become a large, modern conservative force, particularly strong in rural areas and small towns all over France: There is no longer a truly Gaullist majority, but a Pompidou coalition.

Two paradoxes stand out. One concerns the election itself. Never had so many voters cast their ballots for a legislative election. Pompidou made a manichean appeal: it was a battle of "communism and its allies" against "all others." And yet there was a healthy mix of skepticism and detachment among the voters; toward the end of the campaign, all parties were beginning to sound alike, the Left minimizing all the controversial aspects of its Common Program, and the majority promising greater social justice. Secondly, concerning the future, while everybody agrees that the French voters wanted reforms, better working and living conditions, a less arrogant bureaucracy, more say in the decisions affecting their future, the fact is that the new Pompidou majority is probably more conservative and stolid than even the old one. Is de Gaulle's own dream—and ominous warning—about necessary decentralization and participation dead? Will the Left be able to leap beyond the threshold of 46 percent as long as the Communists are its biggest party? These are the stakes of the next three years in France.

Escaping Steam

San Francisco

It is difficult to believe, in these days of trumpeted fuel shortages and pollution, that there's a domestic energy source that's clean *and* cheap *and* abundant. Geothermal power—electricity generated from underground steam or hot water—is all that, and if properly developed could bring down the price of electricity without spoiling the environment. A study sponsored by the National Science Foundation estimates that US geothermal resources could generate 132 million kilowatts of electricity by 1985, and three times that by the year 2000 (present US production is 350 million kilowatts), with none of the perils of nuclear power, environmental scars of coal, or international complications of oil. The catch is that the full benefits of geothermal power will come only if, like hydroelectric

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power, it is developed by public agencies as a competitive check against private energy interests. That's not likely to happen because the Nixon administration is about to give away the public's geothermal sites to the same corporations that already have a hammerlock on oil, natural gas, coal and uranium.

Within the next few months the Department of Interior will put up for lease about 59 million acres of potential geothermal sites in 14 western states. About one million of these are prime acres—places where natural steam vents or hot water pools confirm the existence of thermal power. These are expected to be leased for about $15 per acre per year. The remainder, without obvious thermal signs but considered to be geologically promising, will go for one dollar per acre per year, plus one-time bonuses and royalties once steam or hot water is tapped. The lessors will mostly be companies like Standard Oil of California, Gulf, Mobil, Union Oil, Getty Oil and Phillips Petroleum—the same folks who brought us import quotas and state prorationing of oil, virtually deregulated gas prices, and those wonderful ads about how to resolve the energy crisis by boosting "incentives" to energy corporations.

Geothermal power is already being commercially produced in one state, California, and the experience there may be instructive. In the Geysers area of Sonoma County, the prime steam fields are controlled by two oil companies, Union and Signal, and two other small firms; Occidental Petroleum and Sun Oil also have holdings. For the past five years the Northern California Power Association, a consortium of municipally owned electric utilities, has been trying to build a 220-megawatt facility at the Geysers to generate low-cost power for its member cities. However Union Oil won't sell steam to NCPA because it has a contract to sell steam exclusively to Pacific Gas and Electric, northern California's principal private utility, at prices pegged to the rising costs of other "competing" fuels. Signal Oil won't sign with NCPA because NCPA and PG&E are battling over whether PG&E must allow NCPA to transmit power over PG&E lines, and Signal doesn't want to bet on a loser. The result is that geothermal resources in northern California have so far benefitted only the handful of private corporations that have locked them up.

The other major geothermal area in California is in the Imperial Valley near the Mexican border, an agricultural hothouse populated mainly by poor Mexican-Americans. Most of the good sites here are on federally owned land and will be put up for lease within the next few months. Last year a Mexican-American community organization urged the Interior Department to give special consideration to low-income groups in leasing geothermal sites in the Imperial Valley and elsewhere. A spokesman for the Mexican-American organization contended that profits from local public resources ought to be shared by local residents. The Interior Department rejected the idea. Local community development corporations can still bid for geothermal leases, but, says a consultant to such groups, "the regulations are so complex that only the oil companies can afford the expertise to figure them out." One regulation, the so-called "grandfather clause," gives priority to oil companies with past explorations in the leasing areas.

The federal government could assure greater public benefit from steam resources if it wanted to. About 60 percent of America's geothermal sites are located on federal lands. Another substantial portion lies on lands granted in the 19th century to the Southern Pacific, Burlington Northern and Union Pacific railroads under acts of Congress that reserved mineral rights for the US. Instead of surrendering these public resources to corporations whose objective is maximum private profit, the federal government could develop and market geothermal power itself, giving preference (as the Bureau of Reclamation does with hydroelectric power) to municipal and cooperative customers that provide some measure of yardstick competition to private utilities. It could also reserve some sites for low-income community development corporations, whose subsidies from public sources (mostly OEO) are a minute and declining fraction of the handouts given to giant corporations.

An energy policy coalition formed last month by consumer, labor, farm and municipal organizations and headed by former Federal Power Commission Chairman Lee White, has announced that it intends to push for, among other things, a federal fuels corporation to develop first natural gas and then other energy resources on public lands. It will be an uphill battle in Congress to say the least. But if the giveaway of geothermal lands proceeds as planned, any federal corporation that might eventually be created would be out of steam before it starts.

Peter Barnes

OEO Temporaries

Jake Hansen is a recent graduate of Idaho's Boise State College. He was a youth leader in the campaign last summer and fall to reelect President Nixon. For the last several weeks, Hansen has been a GS-3 clerk ($6128 a year) at the Office of Economic Opportunity, the moribund federal anti-poverty agency. His chief task has been checking passes at the OEO headquarters front desk.

David R. Jones is an erstwhile aide to Conservative-Independent Senator James Buckley of New York. Jones was the first full-time executive director of the Young Americans for Freedom and later served the

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American Conservative Union in a similar job. Since February he has been a $100-a-day expert (in Civil Service parlance) as acting principal assistant for operational activities to OEO's acting director, Howard J. Phillips. Phillips knows Jones well, for Phillips helped found YAF in 1963 and kept a hand on its New England activities while Jones was mobilizing nationally. Hansen, Jones and Phillips are among scores of persons hired on a temporary basis at OEO while hundreds of long-term anti-poverty workers are having their jobs pulled out from under them.

In Congress and in federal courts in Washington, DC, Chicago and California, challenges have been raised that go to the constitutional question of whether the executive branch can use money appropriated by the Congress for sustaining a program to phase out that program. Phillips has not waited for a definitive answer. On April 28, for example, he ordered the elimination of OEO's 10 regional offices, with a reduction in force that will kill almost 700 jobs.

The President wants OEO's program to be transferred to cabinet agencies by June 30 and federal renewals of grants to the local projects halted. This will take a lot of bureaucratic doing, apparently. By his own account Phillips has taken aboard for the duration 85 per-diem employees dubbed in Civil Service Commission terms either experts or consultants at pay ranging from $60 to $100 a day. Local 2677 of the American Federation of Government Employees has calculated that through June 30 the pay of this temporary help will total more than $771,000 and perhaps as much as $1 million. OEO scoffs at this but provides no figures of its own. Union spokesman Rudy W. Frank says that the mass temporary hiring represents a "political subsidy to the radical right." At a February hearing in the House where he was questioned about this, Phillips replied that he suspected that many former OEOers were members of Students for a Democratic Society, and he agreed to a request by Representative Shirley Chisholm, (D, NY), to provide data on both SDS and YAF affiliations. Later he said he could not compile this information.

But a survey by *The Washington Star-News* established that about half of the dozen or so top officials now running—or running-down—OEO are, like principal assistant Jones, leaders of far-right organizations. They include: J. Alan MacKay, acting general counsel at OEO and a former YAF national chairman; Daniel F. Joy, acting OEO assistant director for program review and former editor of YAF's *New Guard* magazine; Randall C. Teague, deputy acting assistant director at OEO for operational activities, who succeeded Jones as YAF executive director; L. Laurance McCarty, acting associate OEO director in charge of the embattled Legal Services program and former treasurer of ACU; John C. Meyer, an associate in the OEO office of program review, and a former YAF board member. Other acting assistant directors are two former aides to conservative members of Congress—Alvin Arnett, former assistant to Rep. Glenn Beall, (R, Md.) and John E. Schrote, who was an aide to ex-Rep. Donald E. Lukens (R, Ohio).

Philip Shandler

MR. SHANDLER *is a reporter for* The Washington Star-News.

The Nixon Watch

Sunshine Summitry

San Clemente

At the end of the occasion that the press is calling the San Clemente Summit, President Nixon refrained from saying what he said about President Thieu of South Vietnam after their last meeting in Saigon on July 30, 1969. Talking to reporters on his plane during his flight from Saigon to Bangkok and admonishing them not to put his words between quotation marks, Mr. Nixon said then that Nguyen Van Thieu was probably one of the four or five best political leaders in the world. This time Mr. Nixon contented himself with saying in effect that he expects the people of South Vietnam to keep their president in office when and if the "genuinely free and democratic general elections" promised in the Vietnam peace agreement are ever held. Mr. Nixon could not have stated his expectation in so many words without violating the undertaking in the Vietnam agreement that "the United States will not . . . intervene in the internal affairs of South Vietnam." He got the message across by saying, in brief and graceful farewell remarks on the sunny lawn of his California home, that he and President Thieu had been having "very constructive talks with regard to how we shall work together in the years ahead" and telling the smiling little man at his side that "we wish you well as you go on to Washington and as you return to your own country."

Some of the heavy thinkers in the Nixon press party quickly fell to guessing that Thieu got a good deal less from this meeting than he hoped to get, particularly in the way of an explicit pledge to him and threat to the Hanoi Communists that the US will again come to the military defense of South Vietnam if it is again attacked from North Vietnam or by the North Vietnamese forces remaining in South Vietnam. All I know about that at this writing is that President Thieu looked a lot happier when he parted from President Nixon in San Clemente than he did at the close of their meeting on Midway Island in June 1969. Then, just after being told that the withdrawal of American ground forces from Vietnam was about to begin, Thieu

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seemed to me to be shaken and forlorn. Here in San Clemente, on the afternoon of his second and final day with Mr. Nixon, President Thieu had the look of a pleased and confident guest who had heard from his host what he expected to hear and wasn't disappointed by it. When he and Mr. Nixon walked together from the President's home to the helicopter pad beside the office quarters at the Western White House, Thieu's step was positively jaunty. He hopped aboard a waiting presidential chopper and turned at the door for a last wave to the cameras as if he owned the vehicle.

It was a meeting that Thieu has been yearning for and nudging Mr. Nixon toward ever since the Midway encounter. "We may agree together to meet again," Thieu said rather wistfully at Midway. He said in Saigon, when Mr. Nixon paused there on his 1969 swing around the world, that at Midway the two of them had "agreed to meet at regular intervals." At San Clemente, after an interval of nearly four years, the ceremonial honors and entertainments were considerably short of what they would have been if President Nixon had chosen to receive his friend and ally at the White House in Washington with the full panoply of a "state visit" instead of the "official visit" that this one turned out to be. But there were compensations, not the least for Mr. Nixon being that he could stay in California and confer upon Vice President Agnew the doubtful privilege of playing host to Thieu in Washington under the eyes of a Congress that was restive about the continuing American bombardment in Cambodia and the growing difficulty of detecting with much certainty either the peace or the honor in the proclaimed peace with honor.

One of the compensations for all concerned, including a large press party that saw very little of the event and learned less about the closed discussions, was simply that Southern California in the spring, when the weather is as kind as it was to Presidents Nixon and Thieu, is a wonderful place for friends to meet and display their friendship. In his only public appearances with Thieu, at the beginning and end of the meeting, Mr. Nixon seemed to be enjoying the affair as much as his visitor was. I got a notion, watching the easy way in which he handled himself and his guest, that he welcomed the occasion partly because it took his mind and (he must have hoped) the public mind off the Watergate and associated campaign scandals and the deepening embroilment with the Senate that they were driving him into.

The principals apart, there were some witnessed and memorable vignettes. Thieu had publicly derided and denounced Henry Kissinger for negotiating and accepting in October an agreement with the North Vietnamese that "would mean abandoning South Vietnam" and had thanked Mr. Nixon for rejecting it and demanding the revisions that resulted in the agreement on January 23. Kissinger had said that Thieu would accept any agreement that suited the United States because "he has to." Now how, then, would they greet each other in San Clemente? They greeted each other with smiles and a seemingly warm handshake. When Thieu in his arrival speech remarked with wry satisfaction that the US has had to keep 300,000 troops in Western Europe while withdrawing its ground forces from South Vietnam, Kissinger grinned and chortled as if he wished that he had made the crack. Before the two Presidents appeared to speak their farewells, the senior officials with Thieu and the senior American officials lined up in separate groups on the Nixon lawn. The Vietnamese stood in placid quiet. Kissinger regaled the Americans with what they, as judged by their overheard laughter, took to be uproarious jokes. He noted that Secretary of State Rogers had the place of honor at the head of the American line and growled, "he's hard enough to deal with as it is." Kissinger got another big laugh when he said to Rogers, "If you call me 'Doctor,' I'll call you 'Honorable.'" The advent of the Presidents, 30 minutes behind schedule, put a merciful end to this exercise in White House humor.

The only substantial resemblance between the San Clemente Summit and Mr. Nixon's Peking and Moscow Summits was that a joint communiqué was issued at the close of this one too. My impression is that it could have been written without benefit of a meeting, but there is evidence that it actually was composed or at least completed here in San Clemente. Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler told reporters on the second morning that they would have the communiqué "as soon as we get it finished" and it was delivered to the press an hour after Ziegler had said it would be. On the assumption that readers will have been surfeited with learned interpretations of the document by the time this is read, I briefly summarize what I find to be the most interesting points in it and suggested by it.

The predictable warning to the North Vietnamese and Vietcong Communists that the US will renew military action in Vietnam if the cease-fire is violated by them more seriously than it has been to date is noticeably milder than Mr. Nixon's previous warnings to the same effect were. There is, naturally and expectably, only the most oblique recognition of the fact that Thieu's government and armed forces have been violating the agreement and breaking the cease-fire. But the recognition is there and it suggests that President Nixon told President Thieu that improved behavior is expected from him as well as from his enemies. A reference to Mr. Nixon's "great interest" in the abortive Paris negotiations between the Thieu government and the Communist Provisional Government of South Vietnam, aimed with mutual and obvious lack of enthusiasm at arranging the promised general elections in South Vietnam, suggests that Thieu was told that his behavior in this respect could

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also stand some improvement. The major emphasis of the communiqué, however, is upon "the enduring relationship of friendship which exists between the government of the Republic of Vietnam and the United States." Mr. Nixon had decided before the meeting to keep US economic aid to South Vietnam at an annual level of around $600 million and, Congress willing, to sustain military assistance at or near the level of $1.6 billion projected in his 1974 budget. If things settle down in South Vietnam and the rest of Indochina, the military figure may be reduced. With the communiqué and the meeting in San Clemente, Mr. Nixon is telling us that the American involvement in Indochina is going to last and telling President Thieu that he can count on his friend in the White House to make it last, at any necessary cost.

John Osborne

The End Comes Too Soon

Requiem for Model Cities

by Dudley Post

Model Cities will receive 50 percent of current funding for its last 18 months (starting February 1, 1973) and then this remnant of the Great Society's faith in federal paternalism and interagency cooperation will be dead. But did it deserve to die? In ending Model Cities is Nixon closing down a bankrupt enterprise, or is he sacrificing the poor on the altar of his "lean" $250 billion budget? "We have run out of patience with Model Cities," presidential aide John Ehrlichman has said. And yet, ironically, this very program was one of the first examples of the comprehensive local planning that will be required if the administration's revenue sharing ideas are to work; it tested and demonstrated the concept of decentralized power which the President favors.

One conclusion is clear. Insofar as Model Cities has not succeeded it is largely the fault of Washington, specifically of an overambitious and contradictory legislative design, HUD's Model Cities Administration, diluted funding and default by "cooperating federal agencies."

The promise of Model Cities was that concentrated spending and services delivered to a limited geographical area, based on local plans for local needs, would yield a "substantial impact on residents' lives." Passed in 1966 as a direct response to urban unrest, the Demonstration Cities and Metropolitan Act allowed any city in the country one year to submit an application to the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD). By 1968 150 cities had been declared eligible for the one planning year and five operating years of funding (three cities subsequently dropped out of the program). HUD's investment mounted from $100 million in 1970 to $375 million in 1971 to an estimated $450 million in 1972 as cities moved from planning to doing. The median size of the host cities is 100,000-249,000 population, with 35 cities under 50,000; nine cities over one million account for 36 percent of the funds. Money could be spent only within an approved target area (called the model neighborhood), an area with 10 percent of the city's population or 15,000 persons, whichever is greater.

While each of the 147 funded Model Cities programs is unique, there are discernible patterns in the mix of services offered. For example at $7.7 million, Boston Model Cities is larger than average but otherwise more or less representative. Eighty percent of Boston's funds reach residents in the form of 17 direct agency services and a constantly evolving mix of 40 to 50 subcontracts to black service organizations in Roxbury. Popular projects are instruction and counseling to place adults in college; housing inspection and park maintenance to bolster the city's meager enforcement and clean-up in the area; drug education and prevention; rehabilitation grants and loans to hundreds of area homeowners; code enforcement against landlords; equity financing for black businesses through an independent community development corporation. The agency's proudest innovation is the three family health centers which provide home diagnosis, referral and neighborhood treatment for thousands of residents who could otherwise not reach or afford quality care. All of these services make maximum use of previously unskilled

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Dudley Post *works with Boston's Model Cities agency on manpower.*

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residents who are trained on the job, some getting reimbursement for outside course work.

Less visible is the other side of the program, the constant planning and negotiation with all levels of government on activities that affect the model neighborhood. Most work is on the city level: planning new schools to achieve racial balance, seeking permanent funding for Model Cities' services, attempting to place trained resident staff in permanent counterpart city positions, getting manpower contracts for local chamber of commerce job training or SBA loans for minority businesses. Then there is the negotiating with the federal government to secure additional funds from HUD or HEW. Boston has been disproportionately successful at this grantsmanship, having obtained over $12 million in additional dollars in four years. There is even some lobbying at the state capitol for housing, civil service reform or blocking a proposed expressway through the model neighborhood.

Despite a sympathetic mayor and city council, city hall administrators view the agency with conspicuous ambivalence. As long as Model Cities money is used to supplement basic city services like inspection and maintenance, city commissioners are all cooperation. But this support quickly dries up when city hall is asked to pick these activities up after Model Cities has expired. Like most Model Cities, Boston reflects neighborhood racial balance with a staff of 80 percent blacks, although a recent influx has meant a growing proportion of Spanish. Political patronage is minimal. Boston anticipates losing $100 million in categorical federal grants under Mr. Nixon's new revenue sharing approach, so it is unlikely that the Model Cities program will be refunded next year at this year's level.

A report by the National League of Cities in June 1971 showed how Model Cities money was being used: environment/housing 33 percent, manpower/education, 26, health/social services, 17, crime/recreation nine percent, economic development five percent, administration/citizen participation, 10.

Essentially Model Cities was two things: an attempt to decentralize, to have bottoms-up planning and coordination; and a mechanism for diverting a fairer share of municipal services to neglected inner city residents. It was not intended to be just another federal welfare project directed largely from the top. Yet from the start HUD treated it more like another categorical program than as a substitute. HUD generated narrow guidelines, detailed applications and protracted review procedures that focused attention more on HUD's requirements than on meeting local needs. The 75 first-round cities, which had only one year to produce a comprehensive first year plan, were required in that time not only to identify inner city needs and devise programs for meeting them, but comply with 400 pages of guidelines and a multistaged federal review process that took another six to 12 months. Chicago's application, not the longest, ran to 2500 pages. Instead of asking cities to submit an operating outline and then refunding them annually on the basis of results, HUD played the familiar categorical game of screening every detail and budget line item. An early HUD requirement called for each city to develop a "comprehensive" service delivery plan, contrary to the original congressional intent, which was to concentrate funds in 75 cities (the original planners hoped to keep it to eight), then within the confined model neighborhood of those cities and on a few priority services. Under HUD's "comprehensive" policy the actual number of separate service projects ranged from a low of 11 to Atlanta's prodigious 72, with a median of 42. Even a seasoned organization would find it hard to manage this multiplicity of operations—and Model Cities was not seasoned.

A bicameral structure with two separate but equal parts was built into Model Cities. In each city program responsibilities were divided between the city administration and an elected citizens' group—the latter to approve policy, the former to carry it out. The theory behind this was that local residents best knew their needs, and that an elected citizens' board would initiate the poor into the workings of city government. As citizens grouped into functional committees on housing, education, health care, economic development, each group naturally developed a keen interest in furthering its own project. Being elected representatives from a target neighborhood, they tended to favor visible, quick projects like rehabilitation or construction. Agreement between citizens' board and the city administration was not easy to reach. The poorer, less educated citizen often resented the city hall professionals. Moreover a board of 12 to 20 laymen meeting infrequently and at night cannot help but impede efficiency. Typically, the laymen tended to leap from a visible need to a program idea without regard to the need of intervening planning or budgeting. However valuable the citizens' groups, there is no doubt they got on the nerves of results-oriented administrators.

While it was logical politically to make Model Cities a department under the mayor, it meant that any major administrative decision had to be processed sequentially through the citizens' board, city hall and the regional HUD Model Cities Administration, none of which put a priority on speed and each having its own agenda. Municipal contracting, bonding, payroll and accounting procedures rarely coincided with their federal equivalents, not to mention fiscal years, bidding requirements and other necessities. For Model Cities red tape came in three shades.

Another built-in conflict was the congressional mandate to "provide maximum opportunity for jobs in the projects and activities of the programs" for target area residents. In its 1969 survey of 3879 employees in first-round cities, the National Civil Service League found that 44 percent of all paid Model Cities

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staff were target area residents. A follow-up 1971 survey showed much the same. No doubt actual delivery of service *is* better done by residents, either through subcontracted local groups or as direct staff. But anyone who has known Model Cities agencies first hand knows how the emphasis on training and employment for its own sake, however laudable, dilutes the larger purpose of comprehensive planning and innovative services. Hiring and training of disadvantaged target area residents has been a major contribution of the program, but it clearly slowed operations in cities which took it seriously, and in some agencies operations were subordinate entirely to employment goals.

Originally funded for 75 cities in the 1966 legislation, Model Cities doubled to 150 the first year—and that meant half as much money per grantee; the average city grant of $3.9 million would otherwise have been $7.8 million, the median project $161,400 instead of $80,000. Model Cities Administration money was never intended to pay for the entire program; it was to be seed money, augmented by funds from the three other agencies—HEW, the Labor Department and OEO, as well as by separate HUD programs like urban renewal, interim assistance and code enforcement. Yet the expected supplemental support was meager. Only HEW took the upstart seriously. Labor and OEO generally ignored it. HUD made only a modest effort to spend its own urban renewal money in model neighborhoods, or to give preference to categorical applications from model cities, or even to use model neighborhood area construction contractors. This token federal support was apparent to the 11 members of the President's Task Force on Model Cities as early as 1970. Proposals submitted to HUD and elsewhere went unfunded month after month.

When politicians tour a model neighborhood they often comment "it looked the same last year," or they ask "what has Model Cities been doing?" They expect whole blocks to be rebuilt in the manner of urban renewal. What they overlook is that most cities are now in only their third or even second operating year (each is on its own annual cycle). Projects are planned on a year-to-year basis but are budgeted and paced on the expectation of five years of funding. Model Cities is criticized for not showing visible results, though it is barely halfway through its life. Would we scrap the space program after four of a projected eight years because no one had yet reached the moon, or cancel a construction contract because the building is only half finished? It's another example of America's impatience—a useful trait when quick solutions are in hand.

Peter Drucker once pinpointed the public sector's main weakness as the inability to *stop* doing anything. So inevitable is entrenchment and expansion of even the most obsolete government service that Drucker suggested new programs be designed for impermanence, for five to ten years only, and that explicit legislation be required for their renewal. From that perspective Model Cities' five-year life span was refreshingly innovative, and one might think that in not renewing Model Cities beyond 1974, Mr. Nixon is not acting as hatchet man, but is instead letting the program expire naturally "as Congress intended." Unfortunately he is sentencing to death a program that hasn't had a fair trial. No one in business would behave this way. It's as if the McDonald's franchise set up 75 new outlets complete with building, parking lot, kitchen and staff but no capital for food or supplies. Then at the last minute 75 *more* stores are created, each unit receives half its expected working capital and two of three financial partners back out. And suppose McDonald's required each franchise to staff up with 50 percent high-school dropouts, demanded the use of novel forms of merchandising, required the stores to change the ways hamburgers are to be distributed, permitted selling to only 20 percent of the city's population, placed pricing and product design under a policy board of consumers who lived in the neighborhood and told franchisers that how they made hamburgers was more important than selling them. If five years later the stores were closed down because of low sales, the franchise owners would have a right to cry foul.

Local planning—the core of Model Cities—is not as simple as putting new plumbing into an old house. Decentralization means a changed power balance, means measuring results at the end of the year instead of proposals at the beginning, measuring services delivered. Successful decentralization demands increased management expertise in cities and states, and given the rudimentary level of competence in many of Model Cities' urban hosts, it's quite possible that *no* first attempt would look good after four years, even if it had been strongly supported by Washington. One would think that a five-year program such as this deserves five years before being called to account.

Explanations for urban ills depend more on the observer's profession than on any body of objective fact. Planners bemoan the sprawl and waste of uncontrolled development, journalists blame corruption and inefficiency of city government, sociologists point to alienation and rootless mobility, architects see the ugliness of buildings and obsolete street plans, political scientists see the fragmentation of power in the metropolitan region. The point is we don't know what works. And we won't know unless we give such experiments as Model Cities time and money to prove themselves. Given this country's notoriously short attention span, there is great risk that Model Cities' lack of dramatic results will be used to justify reduced spending on the inner city, that the New Majority will decide "we've spent enough on the ghetto already." That would be a tragedy.

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Walter Lippmann

An Interview with Ronald Steel

Mr. Steel, whose recent books are Pax Americana *and* Imperialists and Other Heroes, *is writing a biography of Walter Lippmann. This interview was conducted February 25, before Lippmann, 83 years old, was admitted to a New York hospital to be treated for cardiac arrest. Mr. Lippmann and his wife will be traveling in Europe later this month.*

Q: Nixon's been President for over four years. How would you assess his performance?

A: His role in American history has been that of the man who had to liquidate, defuse, deflate the exaggerations of the romantic period of American imperialism and American inflation. Inflation of promises, inflation of hopes, the Great Society, American supremacy—all that had to be deflated because it was all beyond our power and beyond the nature of things. His role has been to do that. I think on the whole he's done pretty well at it.

Q: Aside from his prolongation of the Vietnam war, which you've criticized, how do you feel about his domestic policies?

A: He will do anything he thinks is expedient.

Q: Is that necessarily a bad thing?

A: No, it isn't. He's a Keynesian when it suits him and he isn't when it doesn't suit him. That's the way public men have to act.

Q: You see him as responsive to public mood?

A: He's very cunning.

Q: So you would give him rather high marks?

A: Yes. He has played a very disagreeable role, but a role imposed upon him by historical necessity.

Q: Do you look on Nixon's crushing defeat of McGovern as merely a personal victory, or as something deeper—a repudiation of the philosophy of the New Deal and of the Great Society?

A: My feeling is that what happened in the Nixon-McGovern election is what happens in all elections of advanced modern industrial societies when the basic policy of the Jacobin or Rousseauistic philosophy is repudiated. By that I mean the belief that man is essentially good and can be made perfect by making the environment perfect, and that the environment can be made perfect by taxing the mass of people to spend money for improving it. Modern society won't accept that philosophy and it is usually repudiated. Sometimes the repudiation takes the form of fascism, but this rejection is morally and intellectually the equivalent of it, without some of the ugly features of fascism.

Q: Were these ideas repudiated because they were too ambitious or because they represented something incapable of achievement?

A: I think they represent something that is incapable of being achieved in human society. They are philosophically and morally untrue. Man is not naturally good, nor is his nature perfectable by economic means. The Jacobin philosophy is being repudiated in every advanced society because it involves attempting to do by taxation and appropriation things not possible to do. It's not possible by government action or any other action I know to create a perfect environment that will make a perfect man.

Q: How would you distinguish what you all call Jacobinism from the kind of liberalism represented by Lyndon Johnson?

A: The difference is that liberalism is a much more measured form of human improvement. It neither claims nor seeks the exaggerated results claimed by Rousseauism and Jacobinism. It regards man as improvable but not perfectable; it takes a much more modest view of what mortal man is capable of doing.

Q: If this philosophy has been repudiated, does this mean there will be less government intervention in the lives of the people?

A: No, I wouldn't say it would mean less intervention, but the difference between perfectability and improvability is a very big one. The belief in government as the agent of perfectability is what has been repudiated. People have rejected the idea that you can use the government—by controlling it, by getting the majority or physically seizing it—to do what I regard as what

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history has now shown to be impossible. Sometimes this repudiation can take the form of fascism. But it didn't here. Instead it took the form of Nixon Republicanism. But a corruption of that, or a more extreme form of it, could lead to fascism, just as fascism can lead to Nazism. The Jacobin-Rousseauistic view of society and human nature will lead to the most dangerous forms of fascism or even Nazism if it is not brought under control.

Q: Being opposed to what you call Rousseauian Jacobinism, do you consider yourself a conservative?

A: I am a conservative; I think I always have been. But that doesn't mean that I'm a conservative who agrees with William Buckley . . . I hope and trust I am a conservative in the line of Edmund Burke. I believe in certain fundamental things in philosophy and constitutional law which are conservative as against the Jacobins.

Q: If you reject Rousseau's argument that man is born free, but is enchained by unjust laws, how do you achieve equality and justice?

A: Look, man isn't born everywhere free and equal. It's impossible that he should be born that way. The Rousseau-Jacobin doctrine was that he could be perfected by changing his environment.

Q: If you reject this, isn't the alternative simply to ride along with the status quo?

A: I don't think so. I don't think it does at all. It just makes you work very hard. You have to do things specifically and practically and in accordance with the possibilities of man. I read the other day a quotation from a Chinese which seems to me to sum up that Jacobin view. He said, "On television we watched the men the Americans put on the moon. We are going to be the first to put a new man on earth." That, I think, is exactly the Jacobin revolutionary philosophy.

Q: I suppose the idea that man is not perfectable is based on the belief in original sin. Do you believe in original sin?

A: In that sense, yes.

Q: Government is playing a much greater role in the lives of its citizens. Do you see this as irreversible?

A: Yes, I do. We're a mass society and a great many of our troubles and evils come from that. There are too many people alive in order to govern, control them and inform them. You have to have things that you wouldn't have dreamt about if you had a smaller population.

Q: As a result of this growing governmental role, do you see a danger of authoritarianism and repression?

A: There's always a tendency of the governing power to be repressive if it can be. That has to be resisted.

Q: What are the best means of resisting? Through the courts?

A: The role of the people is crucial. We resisted Joe McCarthy in the 1950s by denouncing him. McCarthy didn't have enough power to arrest us, those of us who did denounce him, and so we revealed him for what he was. Finally a lot of people got angry with him.

Q: There's a great controversy now about executive privilege and whether members of the President's personal staff and his Cabinet should be obliged to testify before Congress. Do you feel the President is abusing this prerogative?

A: While there obviously has to be some kind of executive privilege, it must be used with the utmost discretion and restraint. Our system of government will simply not work if any principle is pushed to an extreme. There must be respect for the rules on the part of everybody—the President, the Congress, the courts. The men who wrote the Constitution were rational gentlemen. They knew the system they were devising could not work unless the rules were respected. Their primary assumption was that the kind of people who were running the government would play by the rules. If the President refuses to do this, nothing works and you don't have our constitutional system. The President of the United States is actually a king, with all the powers and all the limitations inherent in a king. What is important is that there be respect for the unwritten law, which is an important part of the American constitutional system.

Q: It's been said that one of the effects of the Vietnam war has been the questioning of all forms of authority—the family, state, religion. Do you think this is happening?

A: I don't think it's the result of the Vietnam war. The breakdown of forms of authority is a much deeper and wider process in modern history than the Vietnam war. I wrote a book back in the beginning of the century about the dissolution of the ancestral order. Clearly, the ancestral order of the family, for instance, has been much more affected by the contraceptive pill than it has by anybody's speeches or by the war.

Q: It is said that we live in an age of permissiveness in which all the old values pretty much have been destroyed, including the belief in patriotism and the state. Can people live with that kind of uncertainty in their lives without any focal point of attachment?

A: I think it's a good question, but there's no easy answer to it. Whether people can live without an organized life around authority and the belief in something is a question that the modern age has been experi-

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menting with, and hasn't solved.

Q: I suppose it's in periods like this that people have created new religions in the past.

A: When they've been lucky.

Q: How do you feel about the future of parliamentary democracy?

A: I think it's increasingly unworkable mechanically with the growth of population. Aristotle said long ago that there's a certain size a good city should have so that the human eye could see its limits. There is a limit which we have passed in these mass democracies. Societies are not capable of governing themselves if they're that crowded and that numerous.

Q: Then you look at parliamentary democracy as . . .

A: As a doubtful experiment.

Q: And a parenthesis in history perhaps?

A: Parliamentary democracy was the product of a much simpler, less numerous, stratified society, class system. Whether it can be applied to these massive modern democracies, I don't know. It's very doubtful.

Q: What do you see as the alternative?

A: I don't think anybody can see an alternative. I certainly don't have a panacea for it. That's a very American question you asked. I'll tell you what: Part of this illusion of what I call Jacobinism for short is that there's a remedy for every evil and a solution for every problem. A lot of things are not solvable.

Q: If they're not solvable, what attitude can we take toward these problems—stoicism?

A: Stoicism, resignation, acceptance. Part of the myth of the perfectability of man is that he can solve everything.

Q: If we're forced to live in a world where we recognize that problems can't necessarily be solved and also that America may not have anything very special to give to the world, we're in for a very difficult process of adjustment. Isn't the basis of our society that we can create the future?

A: It is the American myth.

Q: There's been a great concern over the freedom of the press recently—the right of newsmen to protect their sources, the effort of the government to intimidate the media. You've been concerned with this problem throughout your career. Do you think there is a serious threat to freedom of the press?

A: I think that very often troubles of the press come from a commercialized desire to get scoops, to be the first to print the news. These "sources" very often are places to get tips of what's going to happen. The desire of newspapers to be the first to print particular information is corrupting to the whole journalistic process. In the journalistic world I grew up in, it wasn't a question of law whether you had to divulge your sources. It was a question of whether the reporter had the guts to refuse to reveal where he got the information, whether he was willing to go to prison if necessary. That was regarded as the elementary code of a newspaper man. The reverse of that was—and this was always my practice—when someone told me something in confidence, I didn't pass it on to the reporters so we could get a scoop. I had a relationship with the man I was interviewing and I didn't want to print that.

Q: Does the press have a responsibility to publish what it thinks is newsworthy at whatever cost?

A: I wouldn't make a generalization. I think raw news, raw fact, is not intelligible anyway to the public, and has to be explained. The explanation is as important as the fact itself. The duty of the press is to put forth not raw news but explained news.

Q: There is a lot of talk now about the press abusing its privileges and of government restraints. Should the press monitor itself through a public commission, as a way of preventing the government from interfering?

A: The press should be responsibly edited. But it shouldn't edit itself by law, decree or fiat or anything like that. Commissions to monitor the press and things like that are artificial anyway. They never work.

Q: There is considerable opposition in Congress against what some have termed a presidential usurpation of its authority. Do you think President Nixon has exceeded his constitutional authority in such areas as the war-making power and refusal to spend appropriated funds?

A: This argument reflects an unresolved constitutional issue, not new at all in the history of parliamentary societies. Originally Parliament or Congress insisted upon the right to appropriate money for things it approved of. By withholding the money it controlled the activities. Despite that power of the purse, nobody has ever proved—either in England or anywhere else—how the Congress can make the executive spend money that the legislature wants to have spent. Nobody knows the theoretical answer to that. When I was a student in college we knew that problem existed, and we knew there was no answer.

Q: Should anything be done to redress the balance?

A: Personally, I don't believe Congress or Parliament has the wisdom to decide what programs ought to be proposed or how the country should be led.

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Q: Should Congress be able to prevent the President from engaging the nation in war without congressional approval?

A: Now you've gone back to the historical and possible role of the Parliament—namely, to prevent war that it doesn't want, to control intervention it doesn't want. That's the power of the purse. Historically that works if Congress has the power and courage and stamina to do it. That is a legitimate function. The power of the purse is one of the great foundations of free government. If the President oversteps his role, then he's violating the spirit of the Constitution.

Q: Would you have supported an action like cutting off Vietnam war funds?

A: I would have gone pretty far if the President had not yielded when he did.

Q: Do you support foreign aid?

A: I agree with Fulbright on that. I think foreign aid should be multilateral and not unilateral.

Q: Do you feel Congress has abdicated its constitutional role in foreign policy in recent years?

A: There's not an easy yes or no answer to that. Sometimes Congress has interfered too much, for instance in the period before the beginning of the Second World War. President Roosevelt had to circumvent Congress to prevent it from legislating a neutrality that couldn't be maintained under the circumstances. On the other hand, Congress has sometimes been excessive in its demands for intervention. There are no perfectly simple settled relationships between Congress and the President. It's a very fluid relationship. There is an adversary relationship between the executive and the legislature which I think is unavoidable.

Q: You've been a critic of our intervention in Vietnam from the beginning. What lesson do you think we have learned from the war?

A: We've learned you cannot conscript people to fight a war not related to their well-being. You can't export masses of American soldiers to a country and ask them to fight for the defense of something which doesn't seem to them their homeland. I think that's putting it in its most fundamental form.

Q: Wasn't that supposed to have been the lesson of Korea? Yet we got into Vietnam only 10 years later.

A: No. Korea was not like Vietnam. The difference is that in Korea we had the United Nations. It was the test of the theory to which we were committed. We would all join together to enforce peace. It didn't work very well and the theory of enforcing peace isn't a very good theory, really, in accordance with the facts of life. But it had a rationale at that time and we didn't go off alone and try to make a perfect Korea. There are differences.

Q: So you think that was a justified intervention?

A: Well, it was certainly explicable.

Q: You have written that the Vietnam war was in part based upon statesmen who overlearned the lesson of Munich and thought we had to intervene virtually everywhere. Because the intervention in Vietnam was so disastrous, might the lesson of the war be that Americans will not want to intervene again anywhere? Is this an equal danger?

A: Not if people study it. Illiterate statesmen, and we've had a lot of them, will make such mistakes, and mistakes of all kinds, but not if they look and see what did really happen and why Americans finally came to regard Vietnam as not an American patriotic war. I think once they get that lesson learned they won't make that mistake again.

Q: What kind of intervention do you think is justified?

A: Defense of your homeland.

Q: Does this exclude Western Europe or the Middle East?

A: No, not Europe. Take the intervention in the Second World War as an example. There was a real possibility that if Hitler settled himself permanently in Western Europe he would then move on to North America or South America. We entered the war to forestall what very likely would have happened with a man of his global ambitions.

Q: Would an intervention to insure the survival of Israel be justified?

A: I don't believe that the intervention of American troops in Israel is desirable. I believe it would split the country and would be beyond the margin of a likely kind of war that Americans would fight as a patriotic war.

Q: Would intervention in the Caribbean to prevent a Communist takeover be justified in today's world?

A: That is an arguable question, because it's so much nearer. I wouldn't give any generalized yes or no to that question. It would have to be proved to me that it was a threat.

Q: Would you reject the idea that by definition a Communist dictatorship in the Caribbean would be a threat?

A: Yes. I'm not talking about a communistic threat;

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I don't regard communism itself as the evil we're fighting.

Q: Now that anti-communism seems to have been explicitly repudiated even by the President as a basis of our foreign policy, what can replace it, if anything, as a justification for an interventionist diplomacy?

A: I never thought anti-communism was a good basis for foreign policy. It wasn't, and it got us into a lot of trouble. The thing that people fight well for is defense of their home, and that is the true basis for going to war. It is the true basis for a realistic foreign policy.

Q: Nixon and Kissinger now seem to be trying to replace anti-communism with what they call a balance-of-power diplomacy. Is this a viable way of looking at the world today?

A: The balance of power is one of the basic things in foreign policy. Nobody should get so strong that he's capable of omnipotence, so strong that nobody can oppose him. The United States itself is not interested that it should be so strong as to frighten all other powers. There should be a power balancing us.

Q: Woodrow Wilson said that the balance of power led to the First World War. Do you think it's a dangerous policy?

A: No, I think the balance of power policy is necessary in order to prevent any power from becoming omnipotent. The whole talk of balance of power and spheres of influence as being outmoded and bad is something which Cordell Hull got from the illiterate kind of education he had. Franklin Roosevelt felt he had to adopt it for political reasons. That was all bad. Americans have been miseducated to believe that words like balance of power and spheres of influence are bad words, that they represent something wrong for America. That's all the last generation.

Q: Some people say there is a danger of isolationism or neo-isolationism today as a result of Vietnam. Do you believe it?

A: I don't see any danger of that. Americans always want to be the first and the biggest and the best. That's very American, and it always makes for a bigger and bigger role until somebody stops us as they did in Vietnam.

Q: Your critics sometimes say you're a neo-isolationist. Does that label bother you?

A: I've been called that for so many years that I'm absolutely unimpressed by it. I received a book the other day, in which I was quoted fairly often, by an English writer lamenting what he called America's retreat from power. I must say that's a typical Englishman's way of thinking. Englishmen are always regretting American retreat.

Q: Why is that?

A: You see, they made up their minds in the Second World War—and this was British doctrine—that they were not able, that they were no longer strong enough to be the great power that dominated the balance of power in the world. They felt that America was strong enough to do that but didn't know how. So they decided that their role was to tell Americans how to use American power.

Q: I suppose that's a way of clinging to the remnants of empire.

A: An Englishman, a very important Englishman whom I won't name, told me at dinner in London two or three years ago that England had had the Empire, and then she had the Commonwealth, and now she had to have the Common Market because she had to run something. So I said, "Why do you have to run something?" He said, "Because we have the power to do that—not the power but the intellect and knowledge. We know how to run things; we ought to run things." "Well," I said, "you tell that to the French."

Q: There are still about a quarter-million American troops in Western Europe. Is this necessary?

A: I've thought for quite a long time that Eisenhower was right when he wanted the American troop presence to be reduced and in the end eliminated.

Q: But now the pressure for keeping them there comes from the Europeans.

A: It's one way of not spending money. The Europeans have got so used to having their military requirements paid for by the United States that they can't stand the thought of having to pay themselves. It's our fault, too. We've educated them to believe that we like to pay their bills, and I think they've got to get over that belief—that's one reason I like Willy Brandt.

Q: Would you support Sen. Mansfield's efforts to force a withdrawal?

A: Yes.

Q: How do you feel about NATO today? Should it be continued or has it outlived its usefulness?

A: I don't think much about NATO. I really haven't thought about NATO for weeks.

Q: Do you think the Common Market will lead to a unified Europe?

A: I think Europe will become increasingly unified,

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yes. The bulk of feeling really is in favor of it. The Europeans don't want to be pushed around by Russia and they don't want to be pushed around by the United States or China, and therefore they will get together.

Q: Can you foresee Europe as a great power in its own right?

A: No, I don't think a collection of states can be a great power in the sense that great powers have always been—like Britain in the 19th Century, the Soviet Union and America today. I don't think a conglomeration of states can act that way—it would be like world government.

Q: Do you think the United States and Soviet Union have a real conflict of interest in the Middle East?

A: Not really. They think they have, but I think they're both mistaken in that. Those who see a conflict base it on the assumption that the Soviet Union is naturally an expansive power. That's the old Cold War assumption. I don't think that's true. I don't think the Soviet Union wants to destroy Israel or wants to make the Arab states supreme, and—to reverse it—I don't think we do either.

Q: Is the Soviet naval presence in the Mediterranean a danger to American or European interests?

A: No, I don't worry about it very much. I don't think they want to risk confrontation, and I don't think we want to risk it either. So we shouldn't have confrontations. I think it's natural for the Soviet Union to come out of the Dardanelles and into the Mediterranean.

Q: Do you think we should have a fleet in the Mediterranean?

A: Well, if you'd asked me that question 25 years ago, I would have said no. I think now that things have changed and that it's better to be there than not to be there, but not to use it too much.

Q: How would you assess Kissinger as a diplomatic strategist?

A: I admire him greatly. For one thing, as a negotiator and active diplomat he has an indispensable quality which is often forgotten: He has stamina, the physical equipment. Negotiation is a very tiring thing, and no physically weak man can make a good diplomat. He's got that. He's got the ability to sit forever and talk and to listen forever, and those are necessary qualities. He's also a very highly educated and well educated man in modern diplomatic experience. That is a welcome addition. We've had many people running the State Department from the White House, but few men who knew as much about it as he does.

Q: The increasingly powerful role of presidential advisers in foreign policy seems to be diminishing the role of the State Department. Is that a bad thing?

A: Well, in my experience it's always been necessary to have men like that. There's something about the presidency that's so powerful that it cannot rely on the State Department or actually treat it as the agent of its own power. Thus Presidents have had to have their own advisers—men outside the bureaucracy whom they could trust and control. Wilson had Col. House, with whom I worked very closely during the First World War. Under Roosevelt there was Harry Hopkins, and Kennedy had McGeorge Bundy. The President is very powerful, much more powerful than perhaps is generally realized—and also much more isolated. Franklin Roosevelt used his wife Eleanor to go around for him to find out what people were saying and doing and thinking. He wasn't able to do it himself, and he couldn't get reports from the State Department, not as well as he needed.

Q: How do you feel about personal diplomacy, and particularly President Nixon's visits to China and Russia?

A: Sometimes it's good and sometimes it's foolish. I think the Nixon visit to China, considering the history of our hostility, was a good gesture, a proper courtesy and about time; it was due.

Q: Since the end of the war Japan has been our protégé and ally in the Pacific and China has been our adversary. Now that China's become our friend, and Japan has become a powerful rival, do you see us on a collision course with Japan?

A: No. I think Japan is well aware of what happened in the last war and is not going to repeat the policies that led to war. Theoretically, anything can happen anywhere anytime. But it is unlikely that the Japanese or the Germans will again do what they did in 1940 or 1930 and so on. People learn something from experience.

Q: If we're moving toward a world with a number of great powers, do you think the UN has any important role to play as a center of balance?

A: A very important role, which is the role it's always had, as a place where people can meet and talk to each other both privately and publicly.

Q: You don't feel it's possible for the UN to play a mediating role in struggles between great powers?

A: Once in a while when conditions are very favorable and most of the big powers want it anyway, but the UN is not a great power in itself. For it to do any more would be to approach world government, which is an absolute fantasy, absolute nonsense.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

The Changing Room

(Morosco)

The Hot l Baltimore

(Circle in the Square Downtown)

Most theater innovations are unmistakable, self-proclaimed. But a radical innovation has arrived on Broadway without trumpeting itself as such, and thus for the most part has either been treated as just one more show, good or bad, or has been decried as esthetically reactionary—quite the opposite of what, in my view, it is.

I first saw David Storey's *The Changing Room* last winter at the Long Wharf Theater in New Haven where it had its US premiere. Last year the Long Wharf did the US premiere of an earlier Storey play in the same vein, *The Contractor*, and both of these (English) plays must be described to convey the inherent radicalism. *The Contractor* deals with the wedding party that a wealthy North of England man gives on his lawn for his daughter. There is some story, but the *main action* is the erection and dismantling of a huge party tent, in complete detail. *The Changing Room* takes place in what we would call the locker room of a Rugby football stadium in the North. There is *no* story. Act One: the players drift in before the game, kid around, change into uniforms, are inspected by the referee, and go out to play. Act Two, Scene One: they come in exhausted between halves, rest, go out again; Scene Two: an injured player is brought out, showered, taken to hospital. Act Three: after the game, the players shower, kid around, change, are congratulated by the owner on winning, and drift out.

I saw the play a second time after it was brought to New York, and although I thought that the quasi-arena stage in New Haven was better for it than a proscenium stage and that the few minor cast changes had not helped, I was held by it once again. It has a few theatrically self-conscious touches: the opening and closing with a sweeper who is a stock state "character"; some business with an electric power kit that one player has just bought: some extended pauses before action begins or curtains descend. Otherwise I was convinced again that this was the most purely naturalistic play I had ever seen. Naturalism, when it flowered 100 years ago, was the triumph in art of the scientific spirit, the deflater of bloated romance, the "slice of life" without contrivance or embellishment; and it occurred to me that I had never seen or read a play that really achieved that ideal, not any of the naturalistic landmarks of Gorky or Hauptmann or Zola nor even Fugard's recent wonderful *Boesman and Lena*. *The Changing Room*, even more than *The Contractor*, comes very close to the ideal.

But *why?* At least since the 1890s in France, naturalism has been declared dead, and, certainly to any "scientific" or anti-romantic purpose, this is true. Few gifted playwrights would write today merely to convey psychological or social data, and there is no romantic theater to tilt against. Storey, if only minimally rational, could not have written this play in the 1970s merely to tell us, by God, how men really behave in a locker room. Every realistic detail of speech or action, as such, is familiar from play or film or fiction.

The esthetic innovation lies exactly there, I think. Just *because* naturalism no longer has any "scientific" or purgative rationale, and because it was followed historically by a host of antithetical schools such as symbolism and expressionism and surrealism—and must expect its viewers to be aware of that history—for those very reasons it can now be used as a pure artistic *style*.

This idea is familiar in the graphic arts. In the last few decades, outside the spotlight that has focused on various types of abstraction, there has been a lot of realist-naturalist painting, and it seems that such painting is now on the increase, particularly among younger painters; there is a school called Radical Realism. Quite the opposite of the didactic or reassuring, its purpose—one of them, anyway—is to show that the artist, aware of what has happened in the 20th century, can now use ultra-representational modes almost abstractly, as one kind of imagination-quickening stylistic exploration. The very fact that it *is* done in an age of photography and film makes it an act of assertion, challenge, pure esthetics.

What has been overlooked about Storey, as far as I have seen, is that when he was in his late teens he broke off his Rugby career to become a painter. He had a scholarship at the Slade School of Art in London and eventually had a show of his oils before he turned to writing. It's highly probable, I think, that his impulse, first in *The Contractor* and then in this play, arose out of a painterly sensibility, a desire to respond in the theater to certain currents in painting. (Much more successful than his last Broadway production, *Home*, which was a "literary" response to Pinter.)

The additional factor in theater naturalism, a beautiful one, is the element of time. The verism is made before our eyes, not presented complete as in

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie. Buñuel, apparently getting younger, mocks the fancies of the stuffily corrupt with pitiless wit.

The Emigrants. Liv Ullmann. Max von Sydow. If that's not enough, some truth about 19th-century Sweden that drove people to the US.

Jeremiah Johnson. Robert Redford as a trapper in the Rockies 130 years ago, in a picture of exceptional authenticity.

Love. Delicate Hungarian film of humanity striving and thriving in a police state. Exquisite performance of a 96-year-old by Lili Darvas.

Painters Painting. Articulate interviews with 13 US artists and some other art-world figures. Fascinating. A lot of painting included—in decent color.

Payday. Rip Torn as a country-music singing star in the last epitomic days of his crazy life. American culture, sharply sliced.

Traffic. Jacques Tati's latest comedy is his best: a balletic spoof about auto madness. Actually more to be looked at than laughed at.

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Kenneth Evett on art

Dzubas, Dine, Dibbets and Koch

About all that the members of the unlikely quartet of Dzubas, Dine, Dibbets and Koch have in common is the coincidental appearance of their work on the New York art market last month. The three Ds are internationally known and well connected with the art scene powers of influential dealers and magazines, whereas K is primarily a New York painter and is affiliated with an old American gallery that doesn't go in for international maneuvers.

As a charter member of the New York School, Dzubas combines elements of action painting with color-field simplifications while adhering faithfully to the established conventions of the school—standard spacemaking devices, depth rhythms oriented to the picture plane, colossal scale and nonreferential imagery. In spite of these limits, Dzubas' paintings generate great vitality. Unlike Kenneth Noland (also showing in New York at this time) who concentrates his pretty random stains and ribbonlike geometry on the outer boundaries of the rectangle, leaving the central zone as one vast, passive, ice-cream colored space, Dzubas engages the entire area of the rectangle in the action and sends his large, flat, hard and soft edged color planes into the fray. He is a sophisticated artist. Employing carefully calculated color programs that offer a wide range of emotion and mood, he often juxtaposes high intensity areas against almost dirty neutral tones, and this dissonance gives a tough, abrasive quality to his work. He alternates between arbitrary diagonal schemes and a classic pictorial structure of vertical and horizontal axes, but in either case is always in complete command of the restricted iconographic and spatial elements that interest him. However, in my view, these limited forms sometimes seem overblown when laid out on canvases of such enormous size. Although that gesture may achieve "presence" and "impact," those all-important esthetic goals of the New York School, the perverse contrast between minimal content and gigantic dimensions may also become monotonous.

Downtown where New York's sidewalks are littered with trash and the streets filled with trucks, the American Jim Dine and Dutchman Jan Dibbets are exhibiting in an elegantly converted loft building. Dine's work makes a natural connection with the grubbiness, whereas Dibbets' creation, a work of transcendental purity, seems remote from those surroundings. Dine is up to his old tricks, now less titillating than they were 10 years ago. His formula is to do a painting about painting (pastiches of abstract expressionism, impressionism or minimal art), attach hooks to the painted surface and then hang assorted mundane items from the hooks. Old gloves, dried-up paint brushes, small-scale hand tools and so forth are actually arranged in a formal game of abstraction, illusion and reality. This combining of ordinary work items with the familiar dribbles, clots and random splashes of action painting is achieved with practiced skill. The result is work that is clever, superficial and above all, tasteful.

Jan Dibbets' themes are water, earth, windows and sky as revealed by the camera within a specific time span, and controlled by geometry. He arranges semiglossy color photographs on grids or in systems of sequential geometric progression and glues them to rectangles of various proportions. Dibbets has a preference for long horizontal shapes where changes slowly occur within the repetitive serial structure—somewhat like the strange configurations that emerge in the process music of Steve Reich. These immaculate collages are occasionally startling or whimsical, as when the horizontal line of a sequence of waves and shore slowly builds up to a grand curve and becomes a "Dutch Mountain." The exhibition as a whole is a model of fine relationship and decent Dutch tidiness, but beyond that, these images have the power to evoke a mystic sense of time, of breathing and expanding, of sounds, odors and ultimately, tranquil silence.

Since World War II, while the tastemakers of the New York art scene were chasing after novelty and manufacturing new "old masters" every two years, John Koch has pursued a consistent, highly profitable career as a realist painter. Equipped with a masterful oil-painting technique, he has steadily gazed upon the comfortable bourgeois beauties of his immediate environment and painted the objects, spaces and inhabitants of that milieu with confident ease. On the surface his work is all about alluring lights, fine textures, reflections and charm, but beneath that sometimes offensive display of suavity and seductive effects are abstract relationships of audacity and strength. He makes it look easy, but in fact he is dealing with the serious formal problems of painting. In pictures like "Morning," "Still Life at Dusk" or "Interior at Setauket" he takes on the most risky complexities of the art and brings about abstract resolutions of exact refinement.

One of the pastimes of instant art historians is the game of ranking and assigning historic slots to various artists. While I believe that activity to be both premature and presumptuous, I would like to consider the works of these four painters as they relate to the current scene. If Dzubas' work is an acccomplished culmination of the New York School, it is also a definition of the limits of that school; and while Jim Dine's eclectic inventions are amusing and ornamental in the perverse pop art way, they seem to put a final period to that phase of the American Dada

Oh, Autumn Is

Oh, Autumn is an old woman who paints
Cheeks onto her cheeks, lips onto her lips,
And on a grey day mopes about the house
Wearing a cobweb shawl that the trees knit.

Jill Hoffman

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revival. In contrast, Jan Dibbets' conceptual art takes a large view of the earth and time, opens up new possibilities of content, and therefore offers a path of fruitful development. For those young artists in the realist vanguard, the slickness of John Koch's painting may serve as a warning, but the richness of his abstract invention ought to be an inspiration.

The Most Irresponsible Bastard

Gravity's Rainbow

by Thomas Pynchon

(Viking; cloth $15, paperback $4.95)

Only three American novels of the last seven or eight years even approach *Gravity's Rainbow* in ambition, chutzpah and achievement: Norman Mailer's *An American Dream*, Pynchon's own *The Crying of Lot 49* and E. L. Doctorow's *The Book of Daniel*. But good as each is in its way, each pales next to this massive, mind-blowing, stomach-turning, monstrously comic new milestone in fiction. *Gravity's Rainbow* combines the encyclopedic scope of *V.*, his first novel, with the intricacy of *Lot 49*, his second, yet goes past both of them to grave ribaldry not even they realized. This novel is going to change the shape of fiction, if only because its genius will depress all competitors.

Gravity's Rainbow sometimes takes over the novel-as-theater which Thackeray used in *Vanity Fair*, updated to films so that Pynchon is scriptwriter and director and fellow flickfreak too, pouring lore out alternately with camera cut-schedules and music suggestions. This is serious and funny. Funny because the novel is endlessly unfilmable. Serious because, in this novel, films have a direct hegemony over the lives of characters. They actually determine life in several cases—notably when the filming of a pornographic scene grows too exciting, becomes a gangbang, and a child is actually conceived in the film. The film retains enough of the arousing bit in the commercial screening to send at least one man home to impregnate his wife, who bears a second child. These two children, truly spawned by art, grow some in the course of the novel and are later said to be the *same* child, presumably in the way versions of an archetype are the same, the way moviegoers are the same in their collective fantasy while watching the film.

Like those movies spawning children, but more than anywhere else in fiction, Pynchon is trying to conceive us anew, beget us out of wedlock. Thus the most important aspect of this novel is not its awesome compendium of disparate information, but its emotional lightning. An image repeated variously is that of a rocket (or is it a new star, or merely incoming mail?), descending at nearly a mile a second, poised with its very point just at the tip of the top of your skull. Thomas Pynchon is out to commit penetration. Surprise undercuts logic and analysis, undercuts science itself, necessitating the dreams, rapid disparities and slow deliquescences in the novel. It's all based on Murphy's Law—"that brash Irish proletarian restatement of Gödel's Theorem—*when everything has been taken care of, when nothing can go wrong, or even surprise us . . . something will.*"

Pynchon has always been concerned with what's "under the rose." And if it was important that he revealed much happening down there back in '63 and '66, then it is just as important that he sustains that sense of subversion, multiplicity and uncertainty seething still in '73 (Richard M. Nixon appears near the end of the novel, asking "What?"). He does more than sustain it: the passed over, "preterite" and invisible folks in this novel are trying to work out what is once called a "We-system" as complex as the cabals in the "They-system," or official culture. But the We- and They-systems interpenetrate and are mutually complicitous in the book's webs. The characters can't keep them separate, nor can we. More characters participate in more plots, searching for more things (rockets, girls, brothers, love, structures, dope, power, profits, magic, themselves) and suffer more trauma than can ever be encompassed in available analytical structures, or in any one plot. So there are a half dozen main stories here, all with plots within plots, feeding on each other. Late in the novel, one character hears a news broadcast in the distance at an Army base, but can't follow it because it is "in a studious monotone" too removed from the multiple worlds he inhabits. Out of that excrement loam under the rose and beyond the broadcast, Pynchon brings us all the news that's unfit to print, and that printing can't make fit.

Among the heralds of this news are: leftist Jews demonstrating and German Wobbly printers hiding; a "family" composed of Hansel, Gretel and witch, and another of light bulbs (Byron, Benito, Bernie and Brenda Bulb); a tribe of African Hereros reconstructing the V-2 rocket after the war; several episodes of scatological "fun 'n' games" that make earlier decadent fiction look like a meeting of the DAR in Stoney Lonesome, Indiana; a coven of assorted mediums and general mindfreaks; lovers who mostly get screwed; movie addicts, excrement addicts, cocaine sniffers, reefer tokers, benny poppers; dodo exterminators, dog experimenters, a lemming lover; and a new consolidation of Pynchon's earlier main characters into one Tyrone Slothrop.

Slothrop's name tells his story. "Sloth" suggests he will move slowly, as he does through the over 400,000 words of this long novel. The etymology of sloth goes on to confirm his association with imagery of the Tarot deck Fool, the only major card without a number, hence without an assigned place: his fate doesn't look promising, but he's not without redemptive possibility. Like the traditional literary jester, the Fool's function in the Tarot is to negate the negations of the profane world in which he finds himself. Slothrop is just such a Fool-jester when he becomes successively a great stud whose carefully mapped conquests precede V-2s falling in the same place by four-and-a-half days mean lag time, a guinea pig for Pavlovian research, a British war corre-

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spondent, Rocketman picking up a hash stash at the Potsdam White House underneath Mickey Rooney's nose, a Pig Hero for a North German town ritual, and finally a harmonica and kazoo player for an English rock group called The Fool. Clearly, this fool has no specific place in the novel. Ostensibly he's looking for the rocket and one of its mysterious parts that relates to his past. But he passes right by, never seeing it. Taken over by the paper identities people give him, and then unable to get discharge papers, Slothrop finally isn't even a coherent concept, not even to his friends. To understand this deliquescence you have to understand the other half of Slothrop—"rop," or r.o.p., "run of paper" according to Webster's Third.

ROP is the term used when an editor has the right to place an ad wherever is convenient in a paper. The conspirators of the world—They—place Slothrop slowly all over Germany, from Berlin to Peenemünde, so that he can be present at "*his time's assembly*," but the "plan went wrong." Or, as Pynchon hints in the last hundred pages, the plan deliquesced and was superceded, just like Slothrop. Why? Because the rocket, seeming to be the ultimate weapon, was finally to be the vehicle of the "sovereign" fireburst, the atom bomb which Slothrop glimpsed in a picture but didn't understand: "a giant white cock, dangling in the sky straight downward out of a white pubic bush."

The bomb is an image, it turns out, just as centered in the novel as the rocket, and just as centered in Slothrop's life. But it announces a new dispensation of even greater fission than the rocket. When nothing can surprise us . . . something will. Therefore the surprises don't stop with the buried hint of the A-bomb: its picture has the same "hey-lookit-me smugness" as a cross does; it is not only a "white genital onset in the sky," but also the Tree of Life. Slothrop is the novel's main character, but he disappears. The arc of the rocket is the novel's visible movement, but Pynchon belittles it. There is nothing more characteristic of his style than this disappearance and making-small. He habitually undercuts his solemnities with a "foax" (= folks), a "sez" (= says) or a "hardon" (the opposite of "softoff"). Conversely the most ephemeral trivia offer the most significant meanings, just as the picture of the bomb is on a "scrap of newspaper" found on harbor street cobblestones.

I estimate 357 characters in the novel's

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760 pages, not counting their multiple guises and incarnations. Pynchon mentions, speaks and sings in over 50 languages, dialects, argots and jargons. This is a novel set in London, then the German Zone, during and just after World War II, about the rockets falling, then about trying to find and reconstruct them as history flies by, so the discussions of the politics of Hitler and Roosevelt, Bakunin and von Braun might have been expected. But what are the "politics of bacteria" or "the terrible politics of the Grail" doing in there? An adenoid, large as St. Peter's, menaces London in the beginning of the novel and may be Pynchon himself, or the sub rosa and infra dig world he projects.

Pynchon is the prime absorber of contemporary literature, glomming up the styles and energies of everything around him: the decomposed city from Conrad, precise death from Emily Dickinson, märchen from Frazer and Eliade and the brothers Grimm, hysteria from Heller, excremental vision from Swift and Burroughs (both of whom he surpasses here), *Scientific American* lore, Jungian archetypes, Rilke's despair, Tennyson, Dodgson and Tenniel, Eliot, Gilbert and Sullivan, West's surrealism, and more. But then what's this about "papyromancy" (the ability to foretell the future from the way a person rolls a joint), or Tarot cards that really work unlike Eliot's deck in "The Waste Land," or rocks that feel a history we've never known? And what's all this about movies, the discussions of *King Kong*, *Metropolis*, *The Wizard of Oz*? What of Dumbo, Shirley Temple, Nayland Smith, Wonder Woman, John Dillinger, Porky Pig, Plasticman? Pynchon makes more connections in more unexpected places than were ever dreamed of by Ma Bell's best long distance operator, thank you Jesus. But also like Ma Bell in Manhattan, Pynchon can't make all the connections, and that is the risky brilliance of where he is pushing fiction.

Some might say he's irresponsibly debased the limits of fiction. He has. Pynchon has *de-based* our understanding of fictional provenance by exploding it. In the highest, most nay-saying sense, Pynchon is an "irresponsible bastard." Ralph Ellison gave us the phrase 21 years ago in *Invisible Man*, though he didn't mean it positively then as I now take it. Ellison's invisible man went underground, found rewards there, but ultimately rejected this alternative when he returned to mainstream culture. He rebuked life outside the mainstream as too thin, too mindless, for, happy as he was down there, his mind kept on working and had to have a richly sustaining matrix: Culture. Or so Ellison said, and thereby affirmed the credo of the American novel: say No to society any way you want but embrace and enter it in the end. Or die.

Pynchon is the foremost of the irresponsible bastards who've refused that accommodation to consensus culture. In modern literature up through Ellison, only in the society's main culture might one be fully human, fully responsible, fully a man. But since Ellison, that man has become The Man; that matrix of full humanity has become a grid of intolerable structures; that responsibility has become the plume of global irresponsibility.

In his underground room, the invisible man used the junk of New York City (sockets, wires, bummed marijuana) to create a new world of meaning; it was a world of gadgetry, of 1369 lightbulbs and planned labor-saving devices—not bad for 1952, but not good enough for the invisible man, who returned to street level. In *Gravity's Rainbow* the displaced tribe of Hereros, also black of course, makes a totem of the German

Chicken Unlimited

Today is our 16th anniversary
the suet anniversary, everything
turning to fat
At my side as I drive squats Chicken Unlimited
the 16-piece box: we have 4 kids
sometimes I think we eat too much chicken
it makes us want to kill each other

Our house is surrounded by oaks, azaleas
thriving on 6-6-6 and chicken bones
Chicken Unlimited is afraid of being alone, is
beautiful:
"Scarlet circles ring your eyes
your bill as black as jet
like burnished gold your feathers gleam
your comb is devil-red"
I think the sky is falling

Chicken Unlimited constantly breaks his neck
against an invisible shield
he can't get at the flowers

He is ambitious: wants to be president
wants to fuck the Queen
he wants to be Johnny Carson
he takes extension courses at night
but doesn't know what to think

I'm stuck in the traffic on 12th street
the man behind is honking like a crazed goose
I think he's after Chicken Unlimited

My son comes home bloody
"If I run, they call me chicken,
if I fight, he beats the shit out of me"
That's right, I say
that's the way it goes

Chicken Unlimited is jumping on my chest
its beak rakes my face
I think it wants to kiss me
I think it wants to eat me alive

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rocket and literally a life-giving ritual of reconstructing it from the wastes of the war. Theirs is also a furtive underground life, but movable, communal. And that is enough for them. They forswear tribal suicide, and they forswear any sort of sell-out. They don't go back in. Pynchon's underground rooms are filled with heretical outcasts intrepidly performing profound rites, though from above they are irresponsible bastards engaged in "mindless pleasures," which last, not incidentally, was an original title for the novel.

If it is common sense that the connections are not being made by the Ma Bells of the world, industrial or literary, though they constitute a wider and more evil international cartel-state than most people see, Pynchon's importance is that he suggests the forms, significance, hopes and fears of the adversary life beneath the visible histories in which we have always lived. Among the mindless pleasures remain the new-but-old connections, because they are preterite: real and true as the polite ones, but repressed, called irresponsible, so suppressed. A more priggish speaker than Pynchon, Joyce's Stephen Daedalus was trying to do the same thing at the beginning of the century: he called it the forging of the uncreated conscience of his race. Not even in *Finnegan's Wake*, however, did Joyce go as far as Pynchon in *Gravity's Rainbow:* "Somewhere," Pynchon says, "among the wastes of the World, is the key that will bring us back, restore us to our Earth and to our freedom."

But what's behind the pleasures, beneath even the irresponsible bastards? The question is Pynchon's own, for we notice a collaboration of matter and spirit early on, and he asks, "What *is* it they know that the powerless do not? What terrible structure behind the appearances of diversity and enterprise?" It is important to see that the answer is *not* in a purely scientific metaphor, but in another less empirical image discovered, like so much else here that's telling, in a dream. The 19th-century German organic chemist August Kekulé was looking, like Pynchon, "among the molecules of the time for the hidden shapes he knew were there," not for static shapes, but for the structures of relationships. When he came to benzene, he was analytically stumped—until he dreamed the shape that supplied the answer. He dreamed of "the Great Serpent holding its own tail in its mouth." The dream delivered him the benzene ring, and so announced: "The World is a closed thing, cyclical, resonant, eternally returning." Well, half the cycle is clear enough in the parabolic arc that the rockets make from Peenemünde to London, the various arches that Slothrop passes through, the recurrent reflex arcs characters make when they invest meaning in matter. And while the other half of the circle is less clear, it too is present—in the underground voyages all the major characters fantasy or truly take. More concretely it appears in the voyage of all preterite life turning into pitchblende, coal tar and crude oil as it is sucked deep in the earth by gravity, and continues to be passed over by the undeveloped sciences until Kekulé's dream finds use for it, delivering it to the new technicians who create synthetics and new fuels for the rocket flights. The dream, a process beyond in- or deduction, a province shared by scientist and novelist alike, provides the paradigms for both.

So matter descends, then ascends, ascends some more with the rockets, and descends some more to the earth. The serpent seems to bite his tail, except that the cycle in this presentation is a false and merely cloying circle. The rocket blows up as it descends; most of its particles are unrecyclable. In fact,

I say, Chicken Unlimited
your kisses taste like wine
but I'm too old for this sort of thing.

In the sky the constellations realign
the Big Dipper points to Chicken Unlimited
the rings of Saturn are grain
for its celestial gizzard
the sky is surely falling

One of my dreams is playing centerfield
in Yankee Stadium: C.U. is at bat,
smashes a towering drive I race back back
over the artificial grass
but the ball becomes an egg becomes
a bomb
as I/we crash together at the monument

Chicken Unlimited worries about his input
he wants to make it perfectly clear
but it still comes out cluckcluck
cluck cluck
he is weak on his relative pronouns

Daughter (age 9): Where do babies come from?
Mother: Why, from inside a woman.
D.: Yeah, how'd they get in there?
M.: Well, let's see, how to explain it . . .
D.: Yeah, the old chicken in the bun, right?

Right.

Chicken Unlimited has such energy!
Like our kids
chicken tracks in the sooty snow.
Still stuck in this insane traffic
man behind still honking me deaf
wanting to get home to my wife, my children
I have this crazy urge to stick my head
out the window, and yell
Compliments to the Chef!

Peter Meinke

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this parabola is perverted by the GE-Siemens-Shell-Harvard cartel, and so announces not resonant return but a parabola of "no surprise, no second chances, no return." This, then, is an important uncertainty in the novel, a pulling between a "Rocket state-cosmology" and an absolute linear entropy. I've only touched this radical problem here. It is much more complexly fecund in the novel and in Pynchon's imagination.

Writing about a world of bizarre irresponsible bastards paranoiacally besieged by systematic cabals, plots, secret cartels within secret conglomerates, Pynchon shows the perpetual paradox of this necessary but inadequate pushing of things to be omens and pushing of omens to be systems: "If there is something comforting—religious, if you want— about paranoia, there is still also anti-paranoia, where nothing is connected to anything, a condition not many of us can bear for long." Needing those systems, we *will* construct them. We will imperialize the universe. But the novel is about the collapse of several imperial systems, or maybe it's the collapse of *one* hidden system producing the war as a diversionary tactic. In any case, Pynchon is on the side of those trying to produce a We-system as complex as the They-system. His book is placed among Us, only venturing forth to piss on Them hilariously or to show Them the entrapping conundrums of Their evil as we all ride in Their rockets to a mutual death: "Living inside the System is like riding across the country in a bus driven by a maniac bent on suicide." Yet while clearly committed to the Slothrops—the slowly placed inhabitants of paper bureaucracies—he avoids crystallized certainty, refuses to lock himself into any system, perplexes and astonishes us with his satisfyingly unschematic vision of a world far more complex than we have known.

Reading *Gravity's Rainbow* is a primary experience. I felt anguish about reading it alone, needed to touch the person next to me, as Pynchon urges throughout. I felt alone confronting a mysterious world without a sure explanation: felt humble then angry without an adequate culture to comprehend these fermenting codes. But with the review finished, and while reading it over, out my window I saw a large, beautifully clear rainbow. An omen. My feeling was right; our best fictions will always be about the need for more adequate fictions, about the construction of life's meaning from scratch. Like Joyce's *Ulysses*, this novel will surely go into the seminars all over the land. May it not be buried there. Academic minds can't possibly resist chasing its clues, nor should they. Yet if *Gravity's Rainbow* is read only around seminar tables to display one's gumshoe work in the stacks, the tragedy will be even greater than in the case of *Ulysses*, because *Gravity's Rainbow* comes cyclically out of people and people's culture and should return to Us and Ours, resonantly. It should not be routed into a "no return" solitary confinement among the tastes of academe. Read this novel: it's one of the finest ever.

W. T. Lhamon, Jr.

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH EVETT *teaches in the college of architecture, art and planning at Cornell University.* JILL HOFFMAN'S *first collection of poetry,* mink coat & other poems, *is to be published this spring.* W. T. LHAMON, JR. *teaches English at Florida State University. Poet* PETER MEINKE *teaches humanities at Eckerd College.*

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Sedulus on TV

Mickey Mouse Slouches Toward Bethlehem

When I was a young, tame radical in college Walt Disney received an honorary degree from that college. The citation, written by a very famous English prof, William Lyon Phelps, contained the line, "he laboured like a mountain and brought forth a mouse," which went over the nation's wires and amused everybody, even radical me. I was not amused, though, by the award itself. I had been brought up on Disney shorts, and had enjoyed them unreservedly like the rest of the world; but at the time of the honorary degree Disney was suffering a change of life, being deep in the production of full-length films—*Bambi, Snow White* and the like—that seemed to me and my radical friends to be wholly decadent, though they were obviously profitable outlets for the Disney entrepreneurial energy. Some French or classical voice in us whispered that a genre had been villainously encouraged to jump its bounds, with the result that a mouse had brought forth a mountain. And *that* was wrong.

Last week my family and I stumbled for the first time through the new Disney World in Florida—we have never been near the California establishment—and my old feelings swept over me again, though my radicalism was asleep. My family agreed. We found the whole show a rip-off. As we saw it the Disney interests had out-Barnumed Barnum; they had figured out a way to persuade half the country to travel tremendous distances to be relieved of significant sums; theirs was a triumph in the converting of people into sheep. We left early without using all our tickets.

Since our visit we have been quizzing citizens on street corners about the merits of Disney World, and the responses have been largely positive, a fact we are trying to live with. True, a garage man acknowledged that though he liked Disney World he liked it for the wrong reasons; that is, he had been privileged to see the "inside," all sorts of operational detail that the sheep miss, But the bulk of affirmation was unquestionably from the happy sheep themselves. They *enjoyed* it.

Now why should I knock pleasure? I shouldn't, I won't, I think pleasure is pleasurable. But I must stand firm and say that I don't think Disney World can be let off as a simple pleasure dome. Just as Walt Disney's original move from shorts to full-length cartoons violated, in the days before World War II, the natural and healthy pleasures of the original cartoon genre, similarly the new Floridian monstrosity violates the simplicities it celebrates; it is much more than a monument to the joys of Mickey, Minnie and Donald; it emerges as a sort of cultural, mebbe spiritual, shrine.

I grant that my first hint at being in the presence of holiness occurred before we actually arrived at Disney World. We spent the night at a clip joint nearby, paying more for minimal accommodations in the middle of a cold nowhere than we had spent each night the previous week for pleasant rooms with kitchenette on the beach at Palm Beach. But hotel gods are minor deities and it was evident that these particular itchy Mammons were clustering in central Florida because there was a higher god, a true determiner of price. Sure enough we came into his august presence in the Mickey Mouse Theater the next morning.

First we were herded into a stand-up auditorium and treated to a short pious history of Mickey Mouse cartoons. Then we were herded into a sitdown puppet theater (the two-auditorium arrangement was a logistical triumph, since it speeded the flow *through* the show), where a concert by characters out of the whole Disney heaven took place for perhaps 20 minutes, with Mickey himself as the orchestra conductor. He and his orchestra rose from the pit at the beginning, and played a tune through in a mock symphonic manner borrowed from *Fantasia;* then the orchestra gave way to specialty numbers by Snow White, Donald Duck and so on for a few minutes, after which the whole cast was exposed for a grand finale that ended with Mickey turning around and bowing to us, the sheep.

Remember, the Disney characters were all presented as puppets. They were in constant motion during the show, doing their respective things, and they were programmed very precisely so that their mouths opened and their arms wiggled for just the right musical notes (I pictured behind the scene a complicated version of an oldtime player-piano roll), so that one could have said of the show—had one been disposed to defend it as pleasure merely—that it was merely a puppet show and a rather good one. But my point is that when Mickey turned to us and bowed, it seemed absolutely plain that he had graduated from his modest "merely" roles; he was no longer a simple fantasy figure from a smart artist's pen, but the central idol of a $400 million church. Certainly as he bowed he gave us sheep a moment of genuine confusion about what we were in the presence of. As a herd we clapped, ever so briefly, then stopped, embarrassed.

After all, what were we applauding? The player-piano machine? The engineers who built it? The entrepreneurs who financed it? Or the great imago, Mickey himself?

The embarrassment came, I think, from the sudden realization that we *were* applauding a puppet, and a computerized puppet at that, a puppet that had gone through its whole performance untouched by human hand. Furthermore it was an absurd puppet, a mouse puppet—nothing with a long beard and high forehead like a sage, but a plump round thing with large round ears that had nonetheless been presented as more than that, with the result that we sheep were confused about what we had experienced, and about the intentions behind the production—justifiably because the confusion was central. If that performance had been originally constructed as a serious satire on the capacity of human sheep to find huge, and hugely ridiculous, imagos for worship, not a single change would have been needed in the "script."

Pieties abound elsewhere at Disney World. Perhaps the central piety—which is behind the imago fascination of Mickey himself but controls as well the mythology propagated by the entire enterprise—is a faith in the simple virtues of children and childhood. But as those virtues get filtered through the American money machine they become, as we all know, drippy sentimental. This they of course do at Disney World. Even the cutie corn of Winnie-the-Pooh has been incorporated. Furthermore many of the peripheral characters and myths that the Disney interests have appropriated over the years have been gimcracked to death, so that they have

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none of their original integrity. As my wife observed, Mickey Mouse is in some respects the only authentic figure on the grounds. Now I submit, Mr. Bentham, that when half the country is busy flying, driving and pedaling down to Fla. to be infantile—and infantile as well in the worship of gods that are false, and that drip—then there is at work here more than a pleasure principle.

I have just seen this phenomenon, and though I thought I was too old and experienced in the ways of my country to be shocked by anything, the experience did shock me. We are being *taken*, ladies and gentlemen, taken in a big way. We sheep weren't there just for pleasure, just for laughs. We were there for something higher, something ineffably cultural, an important life-experience, and perhaps more than that, an *ultimate* experience; at any rate something to fill the vacuums of our lives. The mouse knew our need.

And TV? (I have not forgotten that this is a TV column.) The precedent at Disney World shows us how far a country that lives in a social and ideological vacuum can be betrayed by a vacuum-ideology. I doubt if we can find in the history of the world a better example of the worship of a false god than now, west of Orlando; in our national emptiness we are, it has been convincingly demonstrated, open to *anything*. So the question immediately comes up: what will the next anything be?

If *The Wizard of Oz* were not a teensie weensie bit passé I would suggest that somebody build a $500 million empire based upon it in the Arizona desert. For would not the Wizard make another perfect non-god for eventual serious worship? (The film is halfway there already.) Aside from the Wizard my inclination is to look to the tube for the next big imago breakthrough, and while I don't know which tube celebrity to put money on—Lucy in the Everglades? Archie Bunker in the Tetons?—my heart sinks when I contemplate the tube's potential to follow the Disney path.

Yet so far, happily, the big TV money has been devoted to the production of simple pleasure shows, as in the early days of Disney and of the movies as a whole. I see little to fear from Lucy and the like as they now exist, and it seems to me shortsighted of the idealistic reformers of TV to keep proposing that TV perform somehow more significant functions. In a society that can make a god of Mickey Mouse the chief danger is probably not that TV *fail* to raise its sights, but rather that it do so and raise them toward the wrong targets, letting significance be created arbitrarily, created by unscrupulous entrepreneurs.

Do I mean that TV would do best simply to avoid "worthy" social and educational ventures? Of course not. I mean that TV's functions, whatever they are or may become, should be modestly conceived and performed; tube operators with high and churchy notions should be emphatically discouraged. In reverse, the talents of those still devoted to keeping the tube lowbrow and light should not be scorned. We could be in the hands of darker forces, and probably will be.

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Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Vietnam Aid

Sirs:

In your lead note of March 24, 1973 ("Coming to the Aid of What?"), you rightly point out the urgent need for congressional action to restrain the President from resuming military operations in Vietnam and you express concern that no hearings have been scheduled on the Church-Case bill (S 578) to cut off funds for such operations.

No hearings have been set on the House side either (the corresponding bill there is HR 3349, introduced by me with 48 cosponsors), but my cosponsors and I have requested Chairman Morgan of the House Foreign Affairs Committee and Chairman Nix of the subcommittee on Asian and Pacific affairs to schedule such hearings at the earliest possible date. Now that the POWs are out and American troops have been withdrawn, it is urgent that the Congress and the American people be informed as to what Mr. Nixon's intentions are, and to that end hearings would be useful.

Tactically, however, it is unlikely that the main congressional effort to stop Mr. Nixon from resuming the Vietnam war will take the form of a major drive to pass one of these bills. Such a drive, if successful, would run into a sure veto, and it is highly doubtful that we would have the votes to override.

A more promising course is for us to seek to add the substance of these bills as an amendment to some bill that the President very much wants, such as a supplemental appropriations bill or a foreign aid measure. It is not clear now just when or where the best opportunity will arise, but you may be sure a number of us will be watching for it. Then the American people will be able to see which members of Congress will vote to allow the President to resume the bombing of North Vietnam if he is dissatisfied with Hanoi's performance under the cease-fire agreement and chooses to disregard Saigon's violations. (It is already clear that both sides will be in chronic violation.)

The President can also expect strong congressional reaction to his foreign

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aid proposals for Indochina. As you point out, he is asking for some two billion dollars for FY1974 in military aid for Thieu and his allies in Indochina, in spite of the fact that Southeast Asia is supposed to be entering an era of peace.

The Congress will surely want to know why such a large amount is needed to prop up regimes which by now should, if they have inherent vitality, be able to stand on their own feet. The reaction to these requests, along with such proposals as the administration may make for reconstruction aid to both Vietnams, will obviously be much affected by the attitude of the administration toward the continuation of vitally needed government programs on the home front.

Rep. Jonathan B. Bingham
Washington, DC

Fake Currency

Sirs:

I am writing with regard to a story entitled "Phony Money," (*TNR*, March 31, 1973), which states that the United States Information Agency produced "counterfeit" North Vietnamese currency for air drops by the US military.

The author refers to an inflation leaflet we printed on a reimbursable basis for the army's psychological operations group on Okinawa. This leaflet was one of more than 100 of similar size printed at our plant in Manila for the US military. This plant prints for all US government agencies based in East Asia and the Pacific.

The inflation leaflet bore a likeness of North Vietnamese currency in order to tempt the North Vietnamese people to pick them up and read the message they carried—that the continuance of the war was eroding the value of their money and causing high prices. This leaflet was used to overcome the North Vietnamese government's campaign admonishing their people not to read our leaflets or listen to external radio stations.

The leaflet was not, as your article suggests, printed on "bank note" paper, but rather on the cheapest grade of offset paper.

Also the Secret Service was provided samples of the leaflet by a reporter *and* by USIA. These examples were returned (*not* "confiscated"), with an accompanying letter from the assistant to the director of the Secret Service expressing appreciation for our cooperation in the investigation.

In summary the inflation leaflets were not counterfeit money, not printed on bank note paper and not confiscated by the Secret Service. Furthermore USIA merely printed the leaflets as a normal service to another agency of the government because the use of our facility was much more economical for the taxpayer than a commercial printing plant would have been.

Margita E. White
Assistant Director, USIA

In reply:

The writer of our note was told by Secret Service agents that the printing and paper quality of the phony money were good enough to enable the bills to pass as currency and to require that they be picked up from USIA. We still have the "receipt for contraband" from the Secret Service for "two counterfeit one-dong North Vietnamese notes."

The Editors

Fuel Supply

Sirs:

I have read with interest the article, "The Heating Oil Shortage," which appears in your March 10 issue. Although I do not necessarily agree with many of the viewpoints expressed by the writer, Eliot Marshall, he has, in my opinion, written a balanced and objective story. It is in the interest of such objectivity that I write.

At the top of page 20, the article states: "Texaco was quoted in a letter of July 28 saying, 'There is sufficient refining capacity available in the US to meet anticipated demand for clean products over the balance of the year. . . .' " This is a correct quote and it was taken from a letter from Texaco to the Office of Emergency Preparedness. However, without the balance of the statement the sentence is misleading. The sentence was contained in a paragraph which read as follows: "There is sufficient refining capacity available in the U.S. to meet anticipated demand for clean products over the balance of this year. One of the factors complicating the supply market has been the delay in the allocation of the required supplemental crude allocations in a timely manner. To avoid future such complications, Texaco suggests more frequent review of the industry supply/demand balance for crude oil and more timely allocation of necessary increases in foreign oil imports."

Texaco, as a reading of the entire paragraph makes clear, is saying that although the country's refineries had the capacity to meet demand, they would be unable to operate at capacity unless adequate supplies of crude oil were available.

Kerryn King
Senior Vice President
Texaco, Inc.

Food Co-ops

Sirs:

Peter Barnes in his "Elites and Alternatives" (*TNR*, March 31, 1973) perhaps inadvertently omitted the latest development in cooperatives: the phenomenal growth of co-op food producers and consumer buying clubs. In Tucson alone, five food buying clubs recently formed by outraged consumers are thriving and saving 25 percent on purchases. The oldest has grown so much in the past few months that it is now expanding to twice its former size. Another at the University of Arizona is in the planning stage.

Lytle W. Robinson
Tucson, Ariz.

Mining Restrictions

Sirs:

Peter Barnes' excellent article on "Stripping the Prairies" (*TNR*, March 24, 1973) told it like it is. Montanans are grateful for such straight reporting. As an addendum, *NR* readers may be interested in the accomplishments of the Montana legislature, recently adjourned from our 1973 session:

The severance tax on coal was more than tripled. We enacted a tough new coal reclamation law, a power plant siting act, a coal conservation law, and we repealed the rights of coal miners to use the eminent domain powers of the state for condemnation of surface property. Further, our legislature adopted a new water use act which restricts diversions and unauthorized depletion of water supplies, and fully recognizes fish

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and recreation as beneficial uses of water. As for water quality, Montana has one of the most strict water pollution laws in the country.

The legislature considered, but regrettably did not adopt, an outright moratorium on the expansion of strip mining. However, with the controls mentioned above, Montana has important new protections.

Gary R. Marbut
Missoula, Mont.

Handgun Violence

Sirs:

Having spent some time researching and growing progressively more disturbed over the question of violence and handguns in our society, I feel I must react to the letter of Mr. William Lynch in your March 31, 1973 issue.

Handguns today are the choice of weapon in 52 percent of all murders in the United States, up from 44 percent in 1966. In my own state, Florida, the figure is 65 percent. An alarmingly high percentage of murdered law enforcement officers were felled by a handgun. While no statistics have been kept, the vast majority of these weapons of death have been cheap, easily concealed "Saturday night specials." While it is true that "people kill people" they are increasingly turning to this particular kind of weapon to do their grisly work.

Much of the public, Mr. Lynch included, seems to be under the impression that most or all of the murders in the United States are the work of plotting, hardened criminals. That simply is not the case. The majority of murders occur between neighbors, married partners and lovers, or drinking buddies. They are people who have momentarily left good judgment behind while tempers explode. Tragedy came when one of them had a gun handy, a gun which in all probability was bought to be used against the criminal they feared might come.

While the source may not look so pure any longer, I must agree with Federal Bureau of Investigation Acting Director L. Patrick Gray when he last year told Senator Bayh's subcommittee: "They [Saturday night specials] ought to be banned totally, completely, and thoroughly." It was not an accident that dozens of prominent prosecutors and police chiefs were in complete agreement in their testimony.

Mr. Lynch is very correct to point out the difficulties of overrash legislation; it is not going to be a simple legislative or judicial effort. Nor will successful gun control immediately cure all of America's criminal ills. The surest deterrent to crime is swift, even-handed application of justice, a goal we are far from realizing.

Handguns are a problem in America. They lead to death, disruption and misery. However, just because the solution to the problem is tricky, controversial and complicated is not sufficient reason to throw up our hands and cry about exaggerated constitutional guarantees. To delay effective action soon is to invite a terminal national shootout.

Ken Driggs
Tallahassee, Fla.

Hardman & Communism

Sirs:

Martin Mayer pays a much deserved tribute to J.B.S. Hardman in his review of J.B.'s *Labor at the Rubicon* (*TNR*, March 24, 1973), but Mayer is inaccurate in one rather important detail. He conveys the impression that J.B. was always an adherent of the "soft" Menshevik wing of socialism. Not so. Though J.B. experienced an early Kronstadt, he was a founder and member of the Central Executive Committee of the first legal Communist Party in this country. Reference need only be made to Theodore Draper's authoritative and remarkably accurate history, *The Roots of American Communism*. Indeed it was J.B. himself who gave that part of the record to Draper.

Joseph Clark
Brooklyn, NY

"All the King's Men"

Sirs:

What Larry King recently described as "a sort of undeclared war between Southern writers and the New York intellectuals" seems to have flared into open battle with Saul Maloff's ill-tempered attack on Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men* (*TNR*, March 3, 1973).

Although one knows in advance that such a literary civil war is unwinnable —perhaps the most we can hope for is "peace with honor"—nevertheless one longs to ask whether Mr. Maloff has ever been south of New York City, known any southerners, or read any Southern history. He complains that Warren's "characters are a gallery of clichés straight out of" the hard-boiled detective tradition, but has he never read T. Harry Williams' biography of Huey Long, or even Marshall Frady's study of George Wallace? He obviously despises the "prolix" Jack Burden with his relentless vaporizing and his endless "verbal excesses," but has he never heard of the Southern oral tradition? And why, by the way, does he scorn Burden for dropping out of graduate school when he "decided that mere accumulation of facts doesn't yield up The Truth"? Finally one wonders why Mr. Maloff insists on calling *All the King's Men* a "'political' novel"? Perhaps he ought to read C. Vann Woodward's "The Historical Dimension" in *The Burden of Southern History* on this point.

Mr. Maloff admits that he once taught the novel "badly" and uttered "solemn fatuities about it." One can only wish that he had spared the readers of *The New Republic* both his *mea culpa* and his "reconsidered" fatuities.

Cam Walker
College of William and Mary

In reply:

All that martial thunder. A shot isn't a battle, much less a war, civil or undeclared or any other kind; not even an attack, an incursion, an involvement or protective reaction. Spare us "peace with honor"; we've been there before. The "reconsideration" was simply an earnest attempt to arrive at a just understanding, as I saw it.

But to reply to Mr. Walker's inquiries. Yes, yes, yes: read the books on his Required List and admired them greatly, as well as books not on his list, including Eugene Genovese's; been south of New York City often, sometimes for extended stays, including a memorable one in Alabama, spa called Ft. McClellan, another in Georgia called Benning. Missed Selma, to my lasting regret—also Montgomery, Birmingham, the Delta. Known many southerners: went to school, caroused, pubcrawled, crossed swords, sang hymns with them; one of them was a Georgia girl named Flannery O'Conner. Some of my best friends and so on. (Can Mr. Walker say the same of that devil's party, the "New

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York intellectuals"?) Even have family in South Carolina—post-bellum arrivals, as Mr. Walker would immediately guess; and by bellum I mean the Revolution, not the American but the Russian '05. And who has *not* heard of the Southern oral tradition, which has been rather well publicized; I've also heard that writers do not reproduce or transcribe speech, they *create* it as a means of representing created characters. And of course I don't scorn Burden for dropping out; smartest thing he ever did; it's the soulfulness, breastbeating, posturing that I found off-putting.

What has all this to do with the issue at hand? Nothing. At hand was a novel which I returned to after 20 years, and about which I tried to report what I'd found; and, having to my considerable distress found it wanting in important respects, to ask why "we" had once greatly overvalued it. What's surprising about this? Who remembers the title of last month's masterpiece, to say nothing of last year's and last decade's? As a historian Mr. Walker should know that is the fate of nearly all artifacts. He should also know that to charge me with conducting a campaign in a "civil war" because I quarreled with a novel is as frivolous and mischievous as it would be for me to accuse him of racism or anti-Semitism if he happened not to admire excessively the work of Ellison or Malamud.

Saul Maloff

Methadone Use

Sirs:

Peter J. Ognibene's review of *Licit and Illicit Drugs* (*TNR*, March 10, 1973), by Edward M. Brecher and the editors of Consumers Union, is accurate and fair as far as it goes. On the other hand, Ognibene overlooks one issue of tremendous significance. I am referring to the book's overwhelming endorsement of methadone maintenance. Consumers Union brings to the field a tremendous reputation for objectivity which is likely to be convincing to many individuals, particularly those unfamiliar with the field.

Most people I've talked to would not agree with the analysis presented in Brecher's book, either in its condemnation of drug-free treatment or its euphoria over methadone. This controversy increases in importance with reports that classic heroin addiction may be abating and that polydrug use is on the increase. Methadone is relevant only with respect to heroin addiction and is normally used to treat older addicts with a relatively long drug history. In a sense, Consumers Union contradicts itself in that the analysis presented in the book strongly suggests that there are no single "magic bullet" answers to drug abuse. I think that this analysis holds for methadone maintenance as well.

Hugh W. Ward
Yonkers, NY

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

painting or pre-made, even if sequential, as in film. In *The Changing Room*, whenever the curtain is up, the time on stage is "real," minute for minute; the only unreal time is in the lapses when the curtain is down between acts or scenes. The obligations of this verism, under constant compulsion of time, are fulfilled before us in physical arcs and phrases very much as in ballet—except that here they are counterpointed with language. (Which is not of much more importance than that.) The excitement created for me by the play was, unconsciously, based in the question: Will they keep the fabric whole, untorn? Will the time imperatives be met, every second of the way? That fabric of reality, in real time, *made in front of us*, is what the play achieves and is the chief reason for it to exist at all.

This means that after Storey provided a complex veristic "blueprint," the work had to be well directed. So it was, by Michael Rudman, an American resident in Britain, who previously did the Long Wharf production. His control of the patterns is firm, varied, well orchestrated. The cast are almost all competent, a few better than that. One moment among many that will remain: when John Braden, the assistant trainer, dries off the huge injured John Lithgow, naked and dazed, after the player has showered before he is taken to the hospital. It was Greek.

Some admirers of the play have defended it by saying that, although it tells no story, it reveals something of these men's characters. This is treason or blindness. The character revelations are banal and unenlightening. A is a teacher, B has a girl friend, C has a faithless wife, and so on. But each of them had to be *some*one; and it diminishes Storey to say that he went to all this trouble to tell us such trivia. Nor is the play social realism, to which it is only superficially related. If you learn something from it—about the commercial exploitation of athletes, for instance—well, you also learn something about slavery from the ballet *Scheherazade*, but that's hardly the point of the enterprise.

I hope that *The Changing Room* will not be widely influential. Plays devoted to style—any style *qua* style—are effective in small doses. But Storey and Rudman, and Lindsay Anderson, who did the original London production, understood something about naturalism in contemporary perspective; and, disregarding predictable protest by those who prefer their theater poetry plainly "visible" and who would dismiss this play as prosaic, they attempted a quiet, daring poetic act. Which succeeded.

As *The Hot l Baltimore* fails. (The title, which sets both the tone and level of the play, represents a hotel sign from which the first 'e' is missing.) This is *utilized* naturalism, reworking a wearily familiar Tennessee Williams vein. The writer looks at social outcasts with what is presented as boundless compassion but is really a tried-and-true theater formula. If you have a mediocre talent and apply it to eccentrics and to the world's despised, it makes your talent look larger, to some.

Lanford Wilson's play deals with a cross-section of characters in a dowdy hotel, including (surprise!) three whores—one fat, one aging, one young and dreamy—and a young man on a Quest, who has strayed in from *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More, Small Craft Warnings*, etc. He is devout in his Quest until the playwright doesn't need him any more, when he quits and leaves.

It's passably directed by Marshall Mason and passably acted. (I saw it in an Upper Broadway upper-floor theater; because of critical acclaim, it's been moved to a theater on Bleecker Street.) But every moment is dramatically stale and most of it strains for "heart," one more squeezing of the grapes of Loneliness.

I used to have hopes for Wilson because, though his talent was always small, he had some honest intent toward honest observation. But this play, pretending to face life unflinchingly, only dispenses theatrical syrup—which, by the way, drips very slowly.

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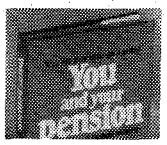
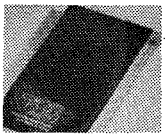
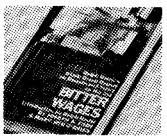
THE PEN  IS MIGHTIER  THAN GENERAL MOTORS, DUPONT, VOLKSWAGEN, AND THE DEPARTMENT OF LABOR 

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